MAY, 1902.

THE BOOKMAN

A Magazine of Literature and Life

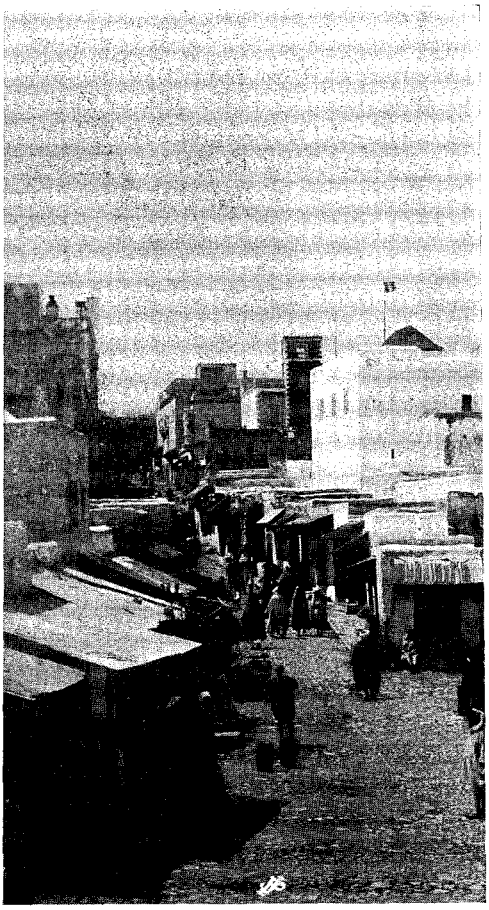
CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

Manuscripts submitted to THE BOOKMAN *should be addressed to "The Editors of* THE BOOKMAN." *Manuscripts sent to either of the Editors personally are liable to be mislaid or lost.*

Mr. Davis, Olancho and Tangier.

In the Republic of Olancho, as it is shown in the stage version of *Soldiers of Fortune,* that is now running there is no more to enable any one of exact mind to place it positively, or even relatively, in a geographical way than there was in Mr. Davis's book. A luxuriant display of tropical vegetation proves that it must have been north and south of certain lines, and from the book one learned that its hills looked down on the Atlantic and not the Pacific Ocean, but after that it is pretty much all surmise. Political complications and intrigues, such as overthrew President Alvarez and placed General Mendoza temporarily in power, are to be found very generally in almost all parts of Central and South America, and the unpleasant experiences of American capital handling government concessions in that part of the world are frequent and widespread. In fact, it has been pointed out that a certain company of Americans engaged some years ago in developing the resources of one of the little republics had almost the same experiences that are narrated in *Soldiers of Fortune,* and were obliged very forcibly to threaten, as did Robert Clay, to "bring down a man-of-war—a man-of-war with white paint on her hull, that will blow you and your little republic back into the mountains."

Although it was with considerable success that Mr. Davis caught and conveyed the atmosphere of Olancho, it is of another part of the world that he has written with most success and feeling. Perhaps in all the universe there is to be found no spot better fitted to be a background for romance than Tangier, the seaport of the empire of Morocco, and, with the exception of Mr. Davis, we can



THE MAIN STREET OF TANGIER

"Holcombe climbed the streets more leisurely, stopping for half hours at a time before a bazaar."—*The Exiles.*

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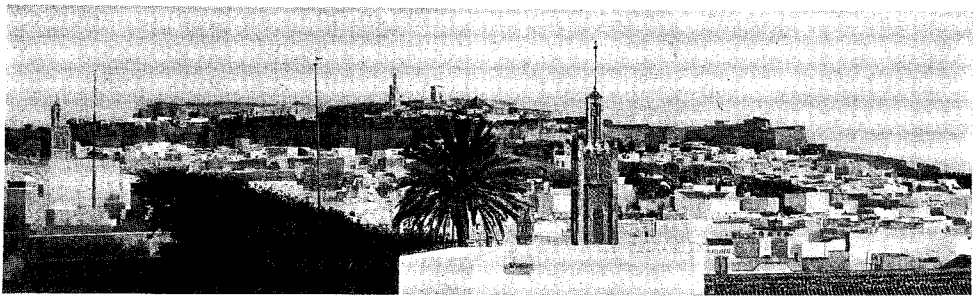
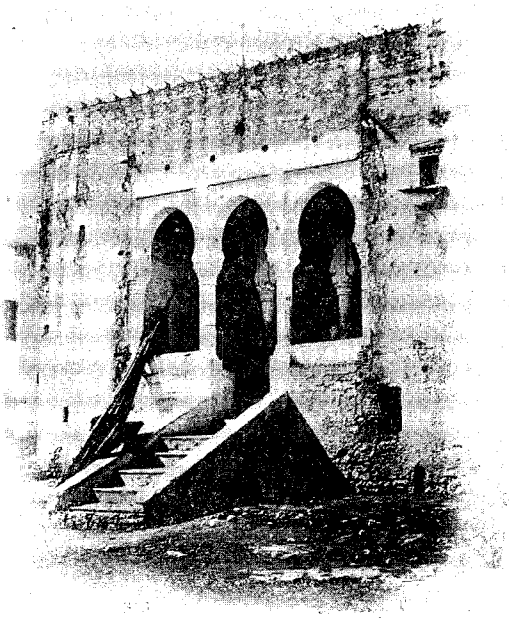


"The town seemed one continuous mass of white stucco, with each flat, low-lying roof so close to the other that the narrow streets left no trace."—*The Exiles.*

recall no American novelist who has made use of it. A year or two ago an English writer, Mr. Dawson, published a volume of tales which summed up admirably, yet a trifle vaguely, all its marvellous barbaric colour. Three hours from Gibraltar by a little rolling steamer will whisk the traveller from Europe to the East—the real East, not the Americanised Orient of trolley systems and innumerable telephones, but the unchanging East, retaining the thought, the traditions, the manners of a thousand years ago, where one finds at every turn something suggestive of the *Thousand and One Nights* and "the golden prime of the good Haroun-al-Raschid."



THE TREASURY OF TANGIER.

Mr. Davis in *The Exiles* and *The King's Jackal* has expressed only what every American who has found the time and the inclination to visit Tangier has more or less keenly felt. We remember having heard somewhere a story which illustrates typically, yet without exaggeration, the spirit of Tangier. It tells of a European, going out from his hotel early one morning for a walk, who came upon a party of Moorish soldiers by one of the city gates conducting an execution. The prisoner and victim was a Riff, one of that cruel and savage race which lives in the mountains of Eastern Morocco and menaces the life of any Christian daring or foolhardy enough to venture outside the gates of a seaport city without a strong military escort. His behaviour was marked by the callous stoicism of the East, which looks upon human life, including one's own, as something of no particular importance. The soldiers had found a public executioner, and were haggling with him over the price to be paid for his services. For a time the executioner shook his head resolutely, called upon Allah to witness his wrongs, finally reluctantly yielded, pocketed the proffered money, drew his knife, and springing upon the prisoner, threw him to the ground. The European turned away his head. Soon, however, he heard the sounds of a terrible struggle and the hoarse voice of the executioner crying, "My knife won't cut; give me another knife." There was a halt, another knife was procured, and the victim's head was finally hacked from his body.

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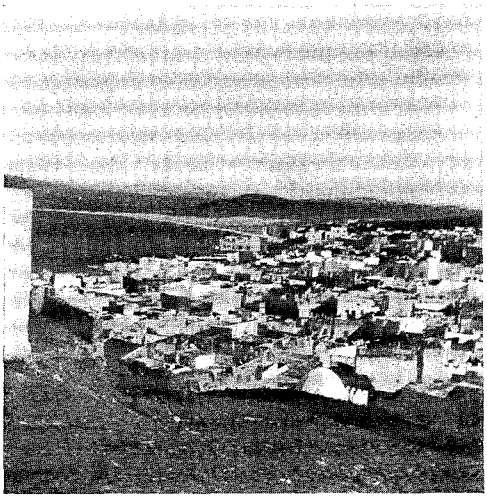

"Tangier lay below him like a great cemetery of white marble."—*The Exiles.*

THE PRISON OF TANGIER.
The figure entering the picture on the right is that neither of one of the fierce mountain Riffs nor of one of the more tractable Tangerines, but of a very estimable and amiable citizen of New Haven, Conn.

Against this Oriental background there are the tourists, and, above all, that little permanent colony of Europeans and Americans of mysterious antecedents, many of whom find the great fascination of Tangier in the fact that there they are immune from the pursuit of Occidental justice. Is it any wonder that Mr. Davis found in this strange contrast the inspiration for the best story he has ever written and probably ever will write? There is no need to attempt to follow minutely the footsteps of Holcombe and Meakin and Carrol of *The Exiles;* or of King Louis and of Prince Kalonay and the Countess Zara of *The King's Jackal.* Tangier is comparatively a very small city, and as you stand on the deck of the steamer entering the bay the whole scene lies before you. There to the left is the navy of Morocco, a single little warship, filthy, and now utterly useless for either action or movement, purchased a few years ago from an enterprising European agent as the Sultan's plaything, in which he fancied that he could move from point to point defying the world. But the very first trip dispelled these illusions, for the Sultan was violently racked with seasickness, and ever since his man-of-war has been left lying at anchor, rotting in the sun. To the left, beyond, are the tall hills, dotted here and there with a little cluster of white houses, and directly in front the beach of Tangier and the city rising to the south, turret after turret.

Although in both *The King's Jackal* and *The Exiles* Mr. Davis's descriptions are general rather than specific, we should say at a rough guess that the Hôtel Grande Bretagne of the former story is in reality the Hotel Villa de France, and the Hotel Albion the Hotel Continental.

Junius Henry Browne, who died the other day, was one of the newspaper correspondents at the front during the War of Secession, to whom especial allusion was made in the article on the "New York Morning Newspapers" in THE BOOKMAN for March. Browne was on the staff of the *Tribune,* and, in company with Albert D. Richardson of the same paper and Colburn of the *World,* was captured in running the blockade at Vicksburg. They were confined for many months in Libby Prison, finally escaping, and, after many hardships, reaching the Union lines.

We take a personal pleasure in presenting the accompanying portrait of Mrs. Nancy Huston Banks. Ever since THE BOOKMAN was established, Mrs. Banks has been one of its most loyal and valued contributors, and, until about a year or two ago, there was hardly a number of the magazine which did not contain something from her pen. Her novel, *Oldfield,* which has just come from the

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press, is a story of the South some years before the War of Secession. It is a subject for which Mrs. Banks is particularly fitted by her traditions and her family associations.

Mrs. Banks is a native of the Southwestern section of Kentucky, and when very young became identified with the newspapers of that State. Her first distinctly literary work was published in the *Magazine of American History,* and since then articles from her pen have appeared from time to time in some of the well-known magazines. Mrs. Banks held a position on the editorial staff of the World's Fair at Chicago for three years, and at the outbreak of the war in South Africa she went to Cape Town to act as correspondent for the London *Vanity Fair.*

NANCY HUSTON BANKS. PHOTO BY MISS BEN-YUSUF.

Mr. Nevill Myers Meakin, author of *The Assassins,* got his name of Myers from his grandmother, who was the cousin and ward of Wordsworth. The name Nevill came from an ancestress in the family, of which the Marquis of Abergavenny is the head. Mr. Meakin was educated at New College, Oxford, where he took a "first class" in history in 1899, his special topic being the "Three Crusades," studied in "the courses." These studies led him to begin *The Assassins,* and, in 1900, to visit the Levant in search of material. While there he swam the Bosporus, a Turkish boatman who passed him, calling: "You're an Englishman; nobody else would be such a fool." Mr. Meakin had written other books before *The Assassins,* and had destroyed them as immature.

In *The Strollers* Mr. Frederic S. Isham has written about the adventures of a company of players going about the country in the days of the early American stage. Mr. Isham, who lives in Detroit, was formerly a newspaper man, and was for a time an editorial writer on the *Detroit Free Press.* During the last few years, however, he has been out of the active work of journalism, and has been giving all his time to the writing of short stories and plays and this novel.

Mr. Valentine's recent volume of poems is reviewed elsewhere in this number.

The Clergy in Fiction.

Some day in these pages we are going to take up for discussion the very wide subject of the clergy in fiction, for there is no profession of which novelists have presented so many and so varied types. In England, in the novel, the Church has almost always played a conspicuous part. Fielding never drew a more lovable or a more

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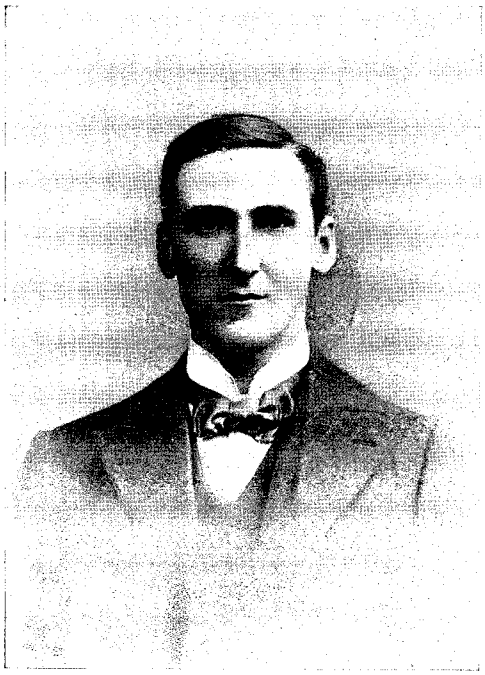
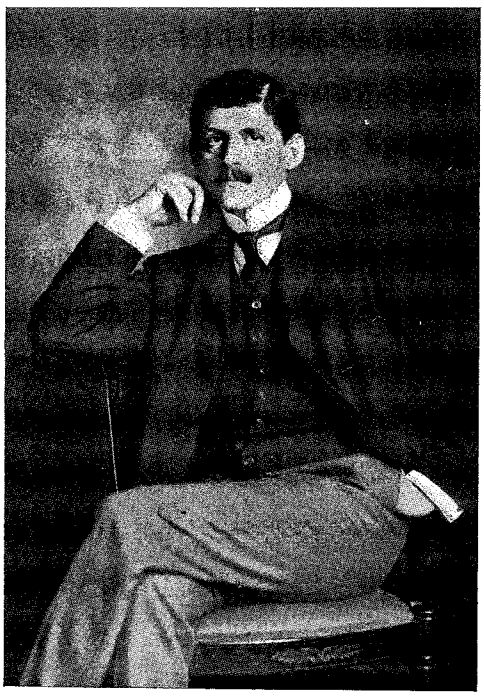
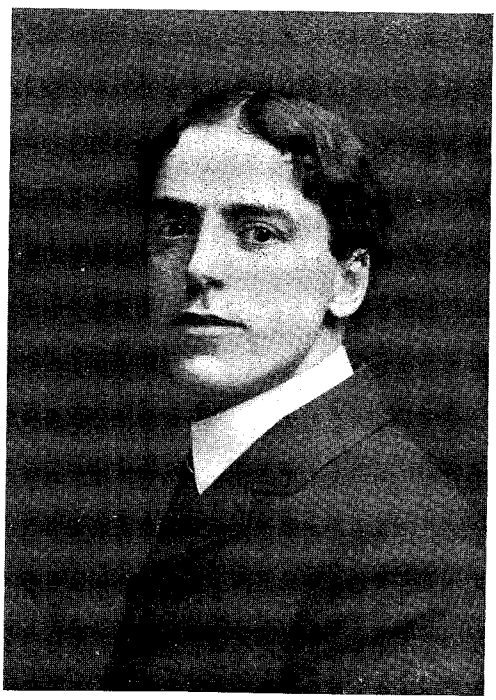


NEVILL MYERS MEAKIN.

FREDERIC S. ISHAM.



EDWARD A. UFFINTON VALENTINE.



HERBERT MÜLLER HOPKINS.

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uproariously laughable character than Parson Adams. Taking up Thackeray's novels and thinking of the Reverend Bute Crawley, the Reverend Charles Honeyman, the Reverend Dr. Portman, the Reverend Tom Tusher, we realise that there is a clergyman of some kind at

MISS MARIE VAN VORST.

almost every turn. Trollope devoted a whole series of books to the history of one clerical family. In France, on the stage and in the novel, the priest was a great literary factor centuries before Molière satirised religious hypocrisy in the character of Tartuffe. In American fiction, the clergy has played a proportionately important part. In connection with this idea, it may be of interest to note that Mr. Herbert Müller Hopkins chose the name of Ambrose for the "fighting bishop" in his novel bearing that title, because the character resembled in some respects the famous Ambrose who was made Bishop of Milan in the year 374. While priests and clergymen generally have been conspicuous, it is comparatively unusual to find a bishop of the Episcopal Church playing an important part in fiction. To the members of this branch of the Church the story will appeal with especial force, and the scene where the bishop refuses communion to a vestryman who has done wrong and who fails to make restitution according to the rubric, is effective. The sobriquet of "fighting bishop" was once given to Bishop Polk of Tennessee, who gave up his office to become a general in the Confederate Army, but the author denies that this story has anything to do with him.

Mr. Hopkins is the son of a clergyman, and was born in Hannibal, Missouri, in 1870. He was graduated from Columbia University in 1893, afterward taking a post-graduate course at Harvard. While at Columbia, Mr. Hopkins supported himself by playing church organs and drilling choir boys in and around New York. It was his original intention to become a professional musician, but interest in Latin and literature led him elsewhere. After being instructor in Latin at the University of California for three years, he left that institution to accept the chair of Latin at Trinity College, Hartford, Connecticut. After reading the book and then learning something of the life of the author, one can readily see how genuine is the atmosphere of the story and how lifelike are many of the characters. Mr. Hopkins recently married Pauline Bradford Mackie, the author of several novels, the latest being *The Washingtonians*. It is said that it was she who induced her husband to write a novel. THE BOOKMAN'S readers will doubtless remember Mr. Hopkins's name, as it has appeared from time to time in these columns appended to verse of striking merit.

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Miss Van Vorst's "Philp Longstreth."

Miss Marie Van Vorst's recently published *Philip Longstreth* was begun, and, for the most part, written in the Château de Court St. Étienne, one of the oldest and most beautiful estates in Belgium. The Château is simple and unostentatious, as are all dwellings of the Flemish *seigneurie*. Thousands of acres of pine forests and fertile farms surround it. Its park covers an entire valley, made fertile by four rivers and numerous lakes. Court St. Étienne is in the possession of the Goblet D'Alviellas, whose ancestors have owned it for centuries. The present Count Eugène Goblet, author of well-known numerous books, is a celebrated *savant* and *littérateur*, the Secretary of the Belgian Senate, and a prominent figure in the exciting politics of that country. Goblet-D'Alviella married a cousin of Marie Van Vorst.

UNDERSHAW HINDHEAD—THE HOME OF CONAN DOYLE.

Miss Van Vorst makes a yearly visit to Belgium, and in this Old World environment, surrounded by traditions, she has written a thoroughly American novel. The plot of *Philip Longstreth* has been under the author's consideration for the past eight years. When, in 1900, she wrote her part of *Bagsby's Daughter, Philip Longstreth* was already begun. The factory class which she has portrayed in the town called "Randall" is intimately known to her; she has lived for years among, and near to, the people about whom she writes so touchingly and so well. The town of "Randall" is drawn from the life, and the "Dwelling," in which some of the most important scenes take place, is supposed to be the Old Homestead of the Van Vorst family.

More Sherlock Holmes Theories.

It was only a few months ago that we were discussing in these columns the subject of the serial, contrasting the average illogically chopped-up narrative of to-day with some of the real serials of forty or sixty years ago. A book which is in many ways a notable exception to what we said is the widely exploited *The Hound of the Baskervilles*, which, while not so very extraordinary as a complete story, was in a minor way a really great serial. In fact, in that form it has proved the most successful book since *Trilby* came out in parts in *Harper's Magazine*. After reading the tale as a whole in book form, one can look back and realise how cleverly devised each instalment was, and how,

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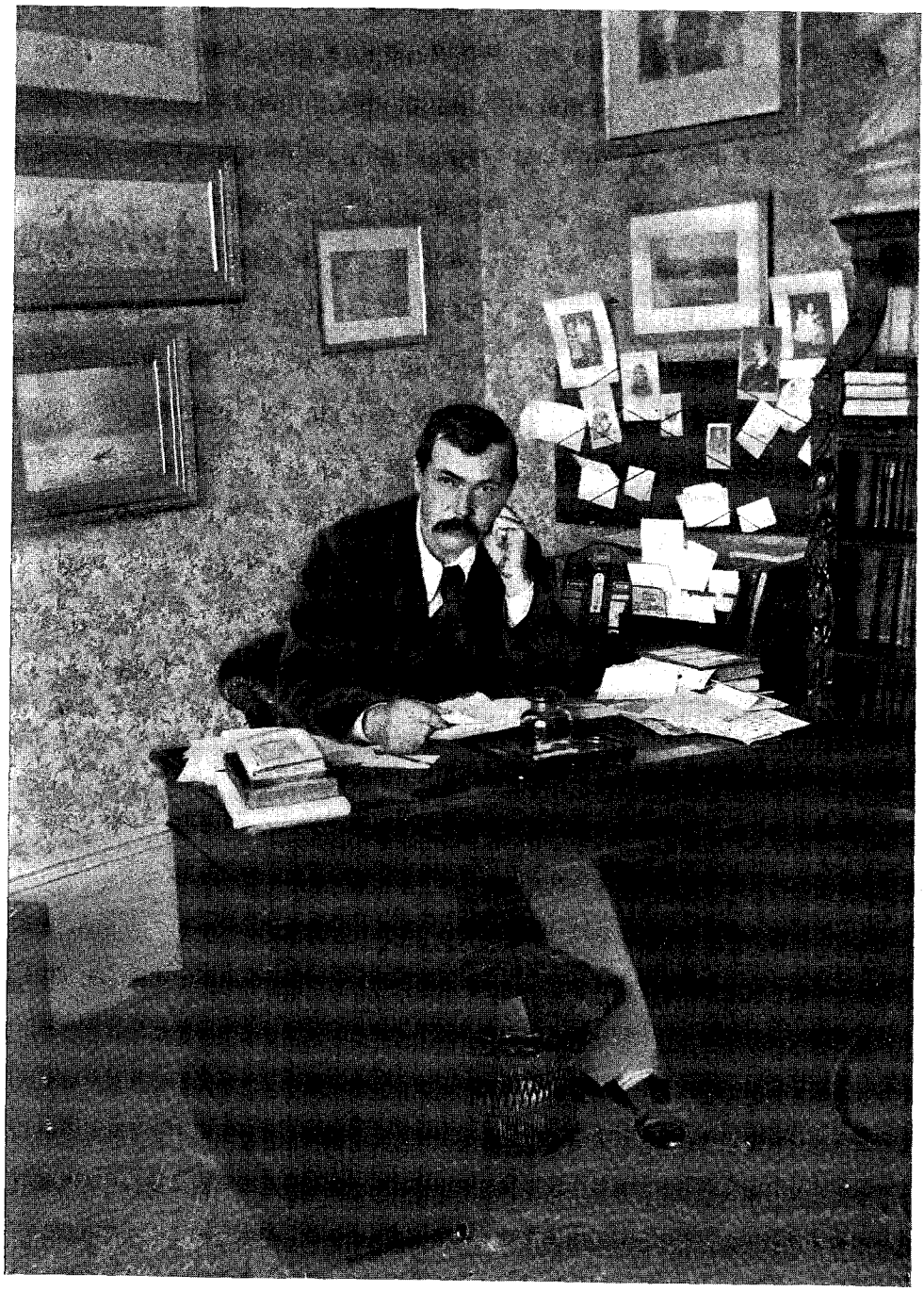
with one or two exceptions, the closing paragraphs of each month's part were worked up so as to stimulate to the highest degree the reader's excitement and curiosity. The opening instalment appeared in September, and the closing lines were a positive triumph in that they instantly won and held the attention of every reader, and left him unsatisfied to the very end. The head of the Basker-



DR. ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE.

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ville family had been found dead under peculiar circumstances. The story of an old legend of a gigantic hound which, more than two centuries before, was said to have worried to death the wicked Baskerville of that day, and afterward to have followed the family as a curse, was told. And after the plain facts and the supernatural legend had been placed side by side, they were linked into one thrill of wonder and horror by the information that, although nothing had been said of it at the coroner's inquest, there had been found near the body of the dead Sir Charles footprints, not of a man nor of a woman, but "the footprints of a gigantic hound."

By this time the whole story is known to those who have read it either in book or in serial form. Perhaps there are some who are more or less disappointed in the manner in which the tale was worked out, and indeed there are some explanations which strain the credulity. Some months ago, when only two or three parts had appeared, a theory as to the solution was printed in THE BOOKMAN. This theory proved very far wrong; but the number of letters which came to this office, contradicting or affirming it, served to show how widespread was the interest in the serial. We should like to print them all, because even now they are entertaining, but it is very obvious that we could not. However, we are going to give two, which show to a certain extent the tone of all the rest.

To the Editors of THE BOOKMAN.

Your speculations on the outcome of the new Sherlock Holmes story have interested me very much, especially the ingenious theory given in THE BOOKMAN for this month. Merely as a matter of passing interest might I call your attention to another phase of that same theory? Taking it for granted that there is in the neighbourhood of Baskerville Hall some person with feet like a hound, does it not seem more probable that this person is a descendant of the girl whom Hugo Baskerville wronged? She was lying prostrate when Hugo's companion saw the hound tear out his throat, but her death is nowhere insisted on—Dr. Doyle does not "produce the corpse." That any woman of the Baskerville family should have followed in that wild gallop across miles of moor seems improbable. But let it be given that this girl had only fainted, and that she lived to give birth to a child (whether or not an illegitimate Baskerville), and one or two more points in the story seem to be solved. For instance, there is good reason for a bitter family feud between the hound-footed descendants of this child and the Baskervilles—no one can blame a man for feeling a little peevish toward a family one of whose members has cursed him with such inconvenient extremities. Or allow that a sort of insanity accompanies the malformed feet. That is not an impossibility in the realm of fiction. And many of the Baskervilles have died sudden deaths. Why may not this account for the peculiar actions of the butterfly-chasing Stapleton? He is the dog-toed one, I am convinced (for the moment), and the escaped convict Selden is innocent of everything save an entirely extraneous murder. The hideous sound heard on the moor is some natural phenomenon connected with the Grimpen Mire. The original hound was one of Baskerville's pack which turned on him for some reason, and whose size was magnified by the frightened shepherd and the tipsy companions. The animal seen by Sir Charles was really a black calf. And, last of all, the type-writing lady interviewed by Dr. Watson has nothing to do with the case—nothing important, at least, but is merely another one of those false scents and ridiculous blunders that the ingenuous Watson is always falling into for the greater glorification of Sherlock Holmes.

To the Editors of THE BOOKMAN.

I have very much enjoyed reading in the current BOOKMAN your comments upon the outcome of *The Hound of the Baskervilles.* I have read this Sherlock Holmes story with great interest, and had also the club-footed theory. However, I carried the theory a little farther, trying to account for the other characters. Assuming that the escaped criminal, Selden, is in reality Roger Baskerville, and that this Roger had met Sir Charles at the trysting-place at the yew hedge on the night of the latter's death, it is probable that Sir Charles, expecting to meet Laura Lyons, had died of fright at beholding Roger, against whom he had probably committed some great wrong. This was Roger's revenge. Roger, of course, in order to approach noiselessly, had removed his shoes, which accounts for the footprints near the dead body. Roger had used Laura as an unsuspecting tool. Laura, shocked at the terrible outcome of her friendship with Roger, instead of revealing her con-

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nection with the death of Sir Charles at the time of her appointment with him, had never revealed anything about it, through fear of incriminating herself. This, then, was her secret. Now for the other suspicious characters, Stapleton and Barrymore. Both are in the plot with the convict; Stapleton more than Barrymore. Mrs. Barrymore is innocent, as was shown by her plausible confession to Sir Henry and Dr. Watson. She had been told this story and led to believe it was really true. Barrymore may be as innocent as his wife, though more likely he is more closely connected with the crime. Stapleton is hand in glove with the convict, as is shown by his lack of fear of living on the moor while the convict is still at large, although we know that Stapleton is of a nervous and irritable disposition. His sister has in some way learned something of the plots of her brother and the convict, and is filled with sympathy for Sir Henry, with whom she afterward falls in love. Her brother, however, has some powerful influence over her. Stapleton was the agent of the villain in London, and Miss Stapleton (who was there with him, for he did not dare to leave her out of his sight) was the person sent the warning, made up from the newspaper, to Sir Henry, not daring to use her own handwriting, through fear of being discovered by her brother. Then, when on the moor with Sir Henry, she again warns him, and Stapleton's anger at discovering them together was caused through fear that she might know something of his plots and be revealing them to Sir Henry. Miss Stapleton does not know what the plot is, but only suspects its existence. The supposed barkings of the hound can be attributed to merely physical causes, such as the escaping of gases on the moor.

Probably this is but little more than you have already expressed in your columns, but hoping that it may be of some interest to you, I am,

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An unpretentious little volume, but one which should furnish half an hour's keen amusement, is *The Best Nonsense Verses,* the selections for which have been made by Miss Josephine Dodge Daskam. There are twenty examples of nonsense verse, and among the authors included are Lewis Carrol, Edward Lear, W. S. Gilbert, George Du Maurier and Oliver Herford. The following, by George Du Maurier, will, we think, be new to many readers of THE BOOKMAN:

VERS NONSENSIQUES.

I.

I am gai. I am poet. I dvell
Rupert Street, at the fifth. I am svell.
And I sing tralala
And I love my mamma,
And the English, I speaks him quite well!

II.

"Cassez-vous, cassez-vous, cassez-vous,
O mer, sur vos froids gris cilloux!"
Ainsi traduisit Laure
Au profit d'Isadore
(Bon jeune homme, et son futur epoux.)

III.

Il existe une espinstère à Tours
Un peu vite, et qui portait toujours
Un ulster peau-de-phoque,
Un chapeau bilicoque,
Et des nicrebocqueurs en velours.

IV.

Un margin naufragé (de Doncastre)
Pour prière, au milieu du désastre
Repetait a genoux
Ces mots simples et doux;
"Scintillez, scintillez, petit astre!"

Here are two specimens from Oliver Herford's *Child's Natural History.* The last few lines of each have the real Herfordian ring:

GEESE.

Ev-er-y child who has the use
Of his sen-ses knows a goose.
Sees them un-der-neath the tree
Gath-er round the goose-girl's knee,
While she reads them by the hour
From the works of Scho-pen-hau-er.
How pa-tient-ly the geese at-tend!
But do they re-al-ly com-pre-hend
What Scho-pen-hau-er's driving at?
Oh, not at all; but what of that?
Nei-ther do I; nei-ther does she;
And, for that matter, nor does he.

A SEAL.

See, children, the Furbearing Seal;
Ob-serve his mis-di-rect-ed zeal;
He dines with most ab-ste-mi-ous care
On Fish, Ice Water and Fresh Air,
A-void-ing cond-i-ments or spice
For fear his fur should not be nice
And fine and soft and smooth and meet
For Broad-way or for Re-gent Street,
And yet some-how I often feel
(Though for the kind Fur-bear-ing Seal

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I harbour a Re-spect Pro-found)
He runs Fur-bear-ance in the ground.

The following are anonymous:

VARIA.

I.

There was an old man of Tarentum
Who gnashed his false teeth till he bent 'em;
And when asked for the cost
Of what he had lost,
Said, "I really can't tell, for I rent 'em!"

II.

A lady there was of Antigua,
Who said to her spouse, "What a pig you are!"
He answered, "My queen,
Is it manners you mean,
Or do you refer to my figure?"

III.

There were three young women of Birmingham,
And I know a sad story concerning 'em;
They stuck needles and pins
In the right rev'rend shins
Of the Bishop engaged in confirming 'em!

The Field of the "Bibliographer."

Three numbers of *The Bibliographer*, edited by Mr. Paul Leicester Ford, have now been published. This periodical, published especially for book collectors and librarians, fills a field entirely distinct. It treats of rare and valuable books in a way to interest the collector of old books and first editions, and while it contains numerous articles and notes which might be classed as news, to be popular and sprightly is entirely subordinate, and not the main object of the magazine. The three numbers already issued contain important articles by Theodore L. De Vinne, Rush C. Hawkins, Wilberforce Eames, Wendell P. Garrison, Worthington C. Ford and Paul Leicester Ford, all well-known names. These articles are profusely illustrated with *facsimiles*. Each number contains a digest, by Mr. Victor Hugo Paltsits of the Lenox Library, of the important articles contained in the foreign bibliographical journals. An important feature of the magazine is the reproduction by exact photographic processes of important and rare books, not heretofore accurately reproduced. The first three numbers contain a reproduction entire of the excessively rare small quarto edition of Thomas Hariot's little book about Raleigh's Colony, the first settlement of Englishmen within the limits of the United States. This has the title "A briefe and true report of the new-found land of Virginia. Imprinted at London, 1588." This little book of twenty-three leaves is the most valuable printed book relating to America known (excepting, perhaps, the folio Spanish Columbus letter), and though it has been several times reprinted, this first edition has never before been reproduced in facsimile. Students know nowadays that type reprints, no matter how accurately done, are not reliable. Only the original documents or photographic facsimiles can be consulted with confidence. A portion of the book is contained in each of the three numbers of the magazine. These leaves, however, are not included in the pagination, so that it is entirely feasible to take them out, and, by bringing them together, to make an accurate facsimile, except for quality of paper, of a book the original of which is worth somewhere between five and ten thousand dollars. Other interesting and rare books will be reproduced in future numbers. The next three numbers will reproduce entire the excessively rare first edition of Milton's *Comus*: "A Maske presented at Ludlow Castle, 1634. London, Printed for Humphrey Robinson, 1637."

Dr. Hale's Birthday.

When a few weeks ago Dr. Edward Everett Hale's eightieth birthday was honoured, the newspapers of various parts of the country had a great deal to say on the subject of his services to literature and his time. Estimates, of course, very widely differed; there was much that was outrageously fulsome, but in almost every editorial that was sane and sincere, what was most emphasised was that Dr. Hale would have been entitled to all the honours that were being conferred upon him had he given his land nothing but "The Man Without a Country." Remote as are the conditions which inspired it, it is not difficult in reading the tale at the present day to realise something of what it must have meant when the country was racked

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M. PAUL ADAM.

and torn by the War of Secession. Whether we believe that Harriet Beecher Stowe presented faithfully the conditions which prevailed in the South in the days of slavery, or whether we consider her pictures distorted and biased, affects only to a minor degree our sympathies for Uncle Tom and Emmeline and Little Eva, and our dislike for Haley and Legree. Whatever sting there may once have been in *The Man Without a Country*, it long since passed away. Even to realise it, one would be obliged to fix one's mind with great bitterness on the feelings which stirred the nation at the most intense period of the Civil War, and to resurrect and take to oneself all the hatred and passion that is passed. Not only has *The Man Without a Country* ceased to be a sectional polemic; it is no longer even an appeal to patriotism, simply because in the right of conditions which prevail to-day such an appeal is entirely superfluous.

Paul Adam, to whom public attention has lately been directed by the great success of his novel, *L'Enfant d'Austerlitz*, is now just forty years old, having been born in 1862. His career admirably illustrates the evolution of the French novel during the last fifteen or twenty years. In his first books he carried to the most extreme lengths the doctrines of the Naturalistic School. *Chair Molle*, which was published by him in 1885, betrays, almost in every page, the influence of Emile Zola. Five years later, in 1890, he was one of the signers of the famous *manifeste des cinq*, in which Naturalism was repudiated, and a return to the idealistic novel advocated.

Since then, Paul Adam, who is one of the most prolific writers in his generation, and who has written hardly less than twenty-five volumes, has divided his time between studies of the present condition of French society and historical investigations, enabling him to place the actions of his novels in widely distant periods of the past. One of his most curious productions is a drama, *Le Cuivre*, written by him in collaboration with André Picard, in which he shows himself interested in the growth of the power of the moneyed interests, and almost foretells the events which have taken place in the last few years in South Africa. In his drama, an African war is the direct result of the needs of a few speculators associated together in the management of a mining company.

A rather artificial thread connects the various novels of Paul Adam. *L'Époque* is the general title of those which deal with contemporary society. For the other ones, the action of which is laid in former periods, he has chosen a title evidently suggested to him by the desire for a contrast with Zola's famous Rougon-Macquart series—namely, *Le Temps et la Vie: Histoire d'un Idéal à travers les Siècles.* In spite of, or, perhaps, on account of, his wonderful fecundity, he remained for a long time almost lost in the enormous crowd of novel writers of the day. Fame came to him with the publication of *La Force*, about a year ago. *L'Enfant d'Austerlitz* is a sequel of *La Force*, and both belong to the Ideal Series. They will be discussed somewhere more in detail in a later issue of THE BOOKMAN.

Cecil Rhodes.

The death of Cecil Rhodes has caused his recently published biography by Mr. Howard Hensman to be very rapidly and widely read. As the authorised biography, it would have drawn readers at any time; but troops of obituary writers and editorial commentators have flown to it as a means

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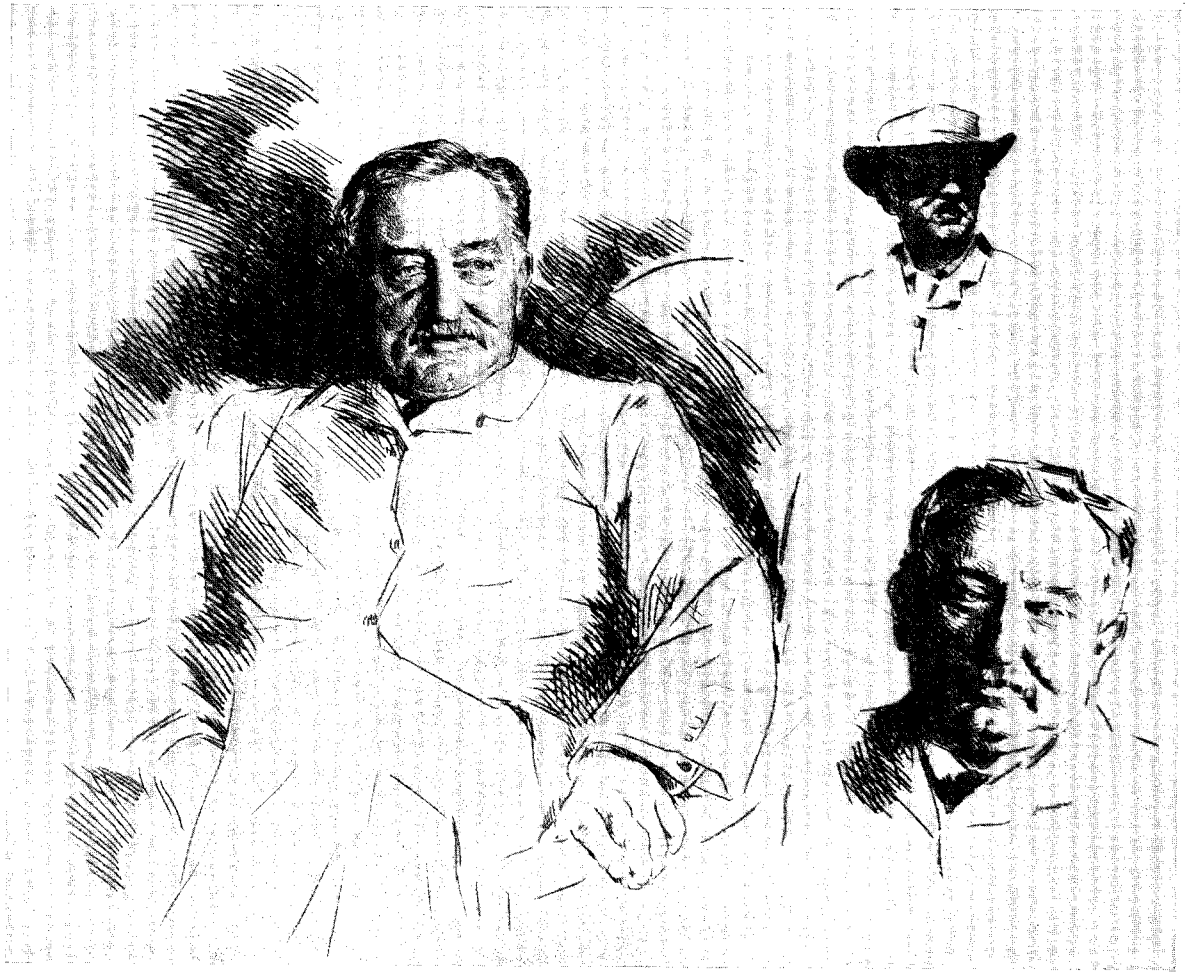

CECIL RHODES. (COURTESY OF FREDERICK KEPPEL AND COMPANY.)

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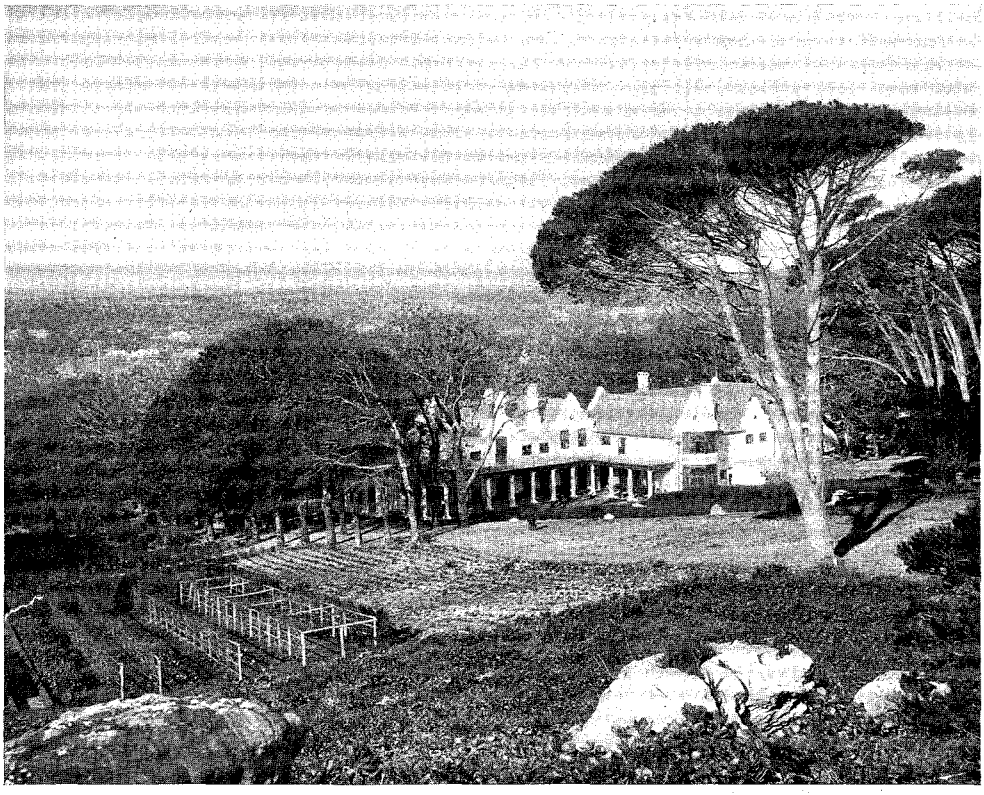
of posting up, and dug articles out of it, not always acknowledging the source. So it is likely that people who have followed at all carefully what the newspapers had to say about the dead statesman's career have been taking a good part of Mr. Hensman's narrative at second hand. Reading it at first hand, one is struck by the complexity of Rhodes's character. Partisans have summed him up so often, one way or the other, buccaneer, empire-builder, sixteenth-century swashbuckler, greatest constructive statesman of the



THE HOME OF THE LATE CECIL RHODES NEAR CAPE TOWN.

age, that he seemed less a man than something out of an allegory. But Mr. Hensman, though, as he says, for some time in rather intimate relations with him, does not pretend to understand him: "The character of Mr. Rhodes has proved an enigma to every one who has come in contact with him," and the writer is as much puzzled as the rest. But it seems absurd, on reading this account of him, that people should have felt surprise at the educational features of his will. He was consistent enough in that respect, at least, having worked very doggedly for his Oxford degree, and having valued it very highly afterward.

A new edition of Balzac is being prepared by a French publisher, who announces that the "lengthy and somewhat tedious descriptive passages" have been editorially summarised. It is suggested by Octave Mirbeau, writing in a leading newspaper, that Balzac's admirers should raid the premises and break up the presses.

Father Tabbs's comment upon Mr. Punch's recent remarks on the subject of poetical feet:

A FOOT-RULE.

When a poet gives his *hand*,
Meet it is to greet the greeter.
When his *feet* in question stand,
It is *metre*.

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According to the London *Academy*, *The Shrine*, a new shilling quarterly, is announced to be edited and published in Stratford-on-Avon. *The Shrine*, in fact, is *his*. Among its contents prominence will be given to Shakespeare's shrine, with all its associations (old and new). Also "to poetry and poets generally (with that fervour of reverential admiration which Jean Paul Richter described as 'soul-strengthening'), and to book-lore in some of its most popular aspects." Under the heading "Pilgrims to Shakespeare's Shrine" will be given a series of descriptive and anecdotal chapters, in which the Pilgrims will figure in classified order as Actors, Authors, Baconians, Bibliographers, Critics, Commentators, Curiosity-Mongers, and Cypherists; as Distinguished Foreigners, Editors, Fantastic Folk, Ghosts, and as Historical and Royal Pilgrims, etc. These chapters will be prepared "by the editor of a recently discontinued Shakespearean magazine." Ahem! Other features will be reviews of books, antiquarian fragments, scientific, literary, philosophical, and other essays, by authors of repute, correspondence, bits from . . . well, never mind the bits. Artemus Ward wrote of Shakespeare's shrine in *Punch:* "It is a success." We commend his words to *The Shrine* as a motto and an aspiration.

Chateaubriand's "Memoirs."

The first and second volumes of a new edition of the *Memoirs* of Châteaubriand have just come from the press. Perhaps as a sort of pro-test against the generally prevalent idea that the author of *Renée* and *Atala* had become one of those classics who are no longer read, and whose works have long since ceased to have any influence on the style and thought of modern writers, the translator, Alexander Teixeira de Mattos, begins his introduction with an anecdote. Many years ago, he relates, he was sitting in a Paris café discussing literature with M. Pierre Louys, who had not then achieved his astonishing successes.

THE DINING-ROOM OF CECIL RHODES'S HOME.

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The future author of *Aphrodite* had praise for none but the moderns. Finally M. de Mattos turned and asked:

"Is there any nineteenth century French writer at all whom you and others read nowadays and approve of?"

"Yes," said Louys Châteaubriand."

"How do you mean? The novels? *Atala?* The essays?"

"Ah, no. But the *Mémoires d'Outre-tombe.* Yes, that—that is monumental; that will live forever."

MR. WHISTLER. (COURTESY OF FREDERICK KEPPEL AND COMPANY.)

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Mr. Whistler is always interesting—at any time and under any conditions. The accompanying etching has caught him in that mood of which he himself has written in *The Gentle Art of Making Enemies.*

Dr. Gilman in Europe.

Dr. Daniel Coit Gilman sailed for Europe on the 17th of April. His visit is chiefly in his capacity as head of the Carnegie Institution, and it is his purpose to visit the leading men of science on the Continent and in Great Britain and to see the observatories, the museums, the libraries and other instrumentalities for the advancement of knowledge. He begins his journey with a visit to Dohrn's Laboratory in Naples, then spends a fortnight in Rome, a fortnight in the principal universities of Northern Italy, proceeds to Vienna and Munich, and goes north to Leipsic and probably to Stockholm. In returning, he visits Copenhagen and Amsterdam, and then goes to France and to Great Britain. His object is to see the leaders of scientific activity in all departments, not only in natural science, but in history and archæology, and to learn, if possible, the methods that have been employed in different countries, the difficulties that have been encountered, the mistakes that have been made and the gains that have been acquired. Dr. Gilman has made two other official visits to Europe, in one of which he looked into the organisation of universities, in the other he looked into the organisation of hospitals and medical schools. The important questions which the Carnegie Institution will have to determine when the trustees are assembled in November next made it desirable that these European inquiries should be made in the interval. Other trustees of the Carnegie Institution are to visit during the summer the American colleges and universities and laboratories, and thus become familiar with the work now in progress in this country. It is not expected that any large appropriations will be made or that any definite schedule of procedure will be adopted before November next.

THE CHILDHOOD OF THE GREAT.

Miss Ag—s R—pp—ier: "There may be others, Mary, but we have learned our trade; and we wear well."
Miss M—y W—lk—ns: "Oh, Agnes; what a relief it is to relax in the presence of an equal!"

Marjory MacMurchy.

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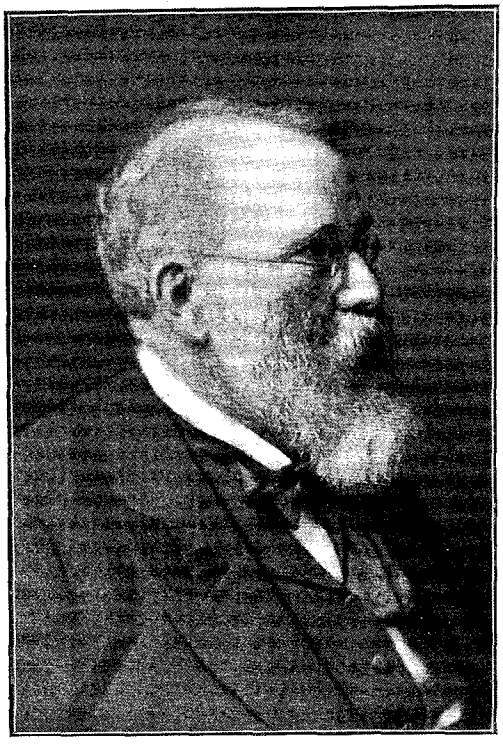
The Late B. F. Stevens.

Benjamin Franklin Stevens, "the Father of the American Colony in London," died at his home, "The Sheaves," Surbiton Hill, England, on March 5, and his death was very generally noted by the newspapers both in England and in this country. To recapitulate briefly the events of his life, we may say that he was born in Barnet, Vermont, February 10, 1833; that he was educated at St. Johnsbury Academy, and entered the University of Vermont in 1853, but did not finish the course. After leaving the university, he began laying the foundations of his future work. In 1860 he went to London, and soon after started the American Library and Literary Agency, which he continued to the time of his death. He was appointed United States Government despatch agent in 1866, and his long service in connection with this appointment brought him into contact with most of the leading American visitors to England. About 1870 he began to take up the historical work with which his name is mostly associated. To us his death is in some sense a personal loss, because for many years he was the agent in London of the firm which publishes this magazine.



THE LATE BENJAMIN FRANKLIN STEVENS.

"For a great many years," wrote Ambassador Choate, in an appreciation of Mr. Stevens contributed to the *Journal* of the Whitefriars Club, "he had been engaged with a large corps of assistants, searchers, and copyists in examining, in the archives of Great Britain and other countries, documents throwing light on English and American history during the critical period beginning at a date anterior to the first signs of breach between the thirteen colonies and the mother country, and extending till after the close of the War of Separation. He had long ago become the highest living authority on the documentary history of those times. He had made a chronological and alphabetical catalogue index of American papers deposited in the public offices of England, France, Holland and Spain from 1763 to 1784, and had extended his work of that nature into many private collections. To illustrate his reputation as to all such knowledge—on the very day of his death, in answer to an application from the New York Historical Society for record evidence as to an important event in New York City while the British troops were there in 1776, I was referred by the War Office to him as 'the most likely person to assist in the question raised,' which had baffled inquiry elsewhere. He had become a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries and of the Royal Historical Society, and a member of the Société d'Histoire Diplomatique, and of the principal antiquarian and historical societies in the United States. As material for the future historian, and as a guide to all students of antiquities and genealogy, his work is of immense importance, and it is gratifying to know that its results are likely to be preserved and transmitted."

George Borrow and His Country.

In England, George Borrow is being read and discussed more and more as the years go by. His gypsy life and his love affair with Isopel Berners were recently very entertainingly described by Thomas Seccombe.

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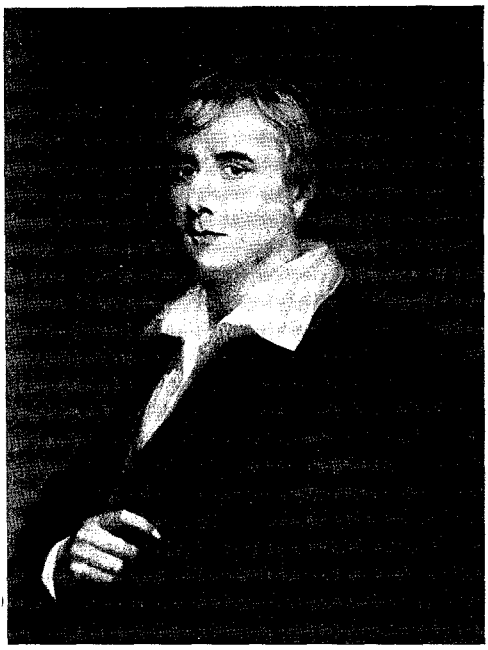
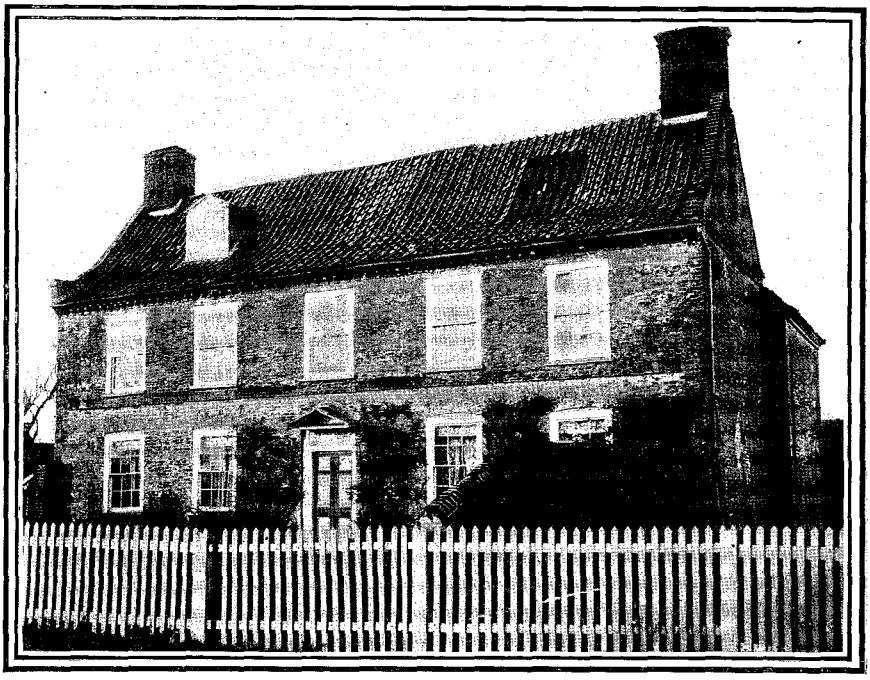
BORROW'S SUMMER HOUSE AT OULTON, WHERE "LAVENGRO" WAS WRITTEN.



GEORGE BORROW.



BLYTH FARM, DUMPLING GREEN, EAST DEREHAM, WHERE BORROW WAS BORN, JULY 5, 1803.

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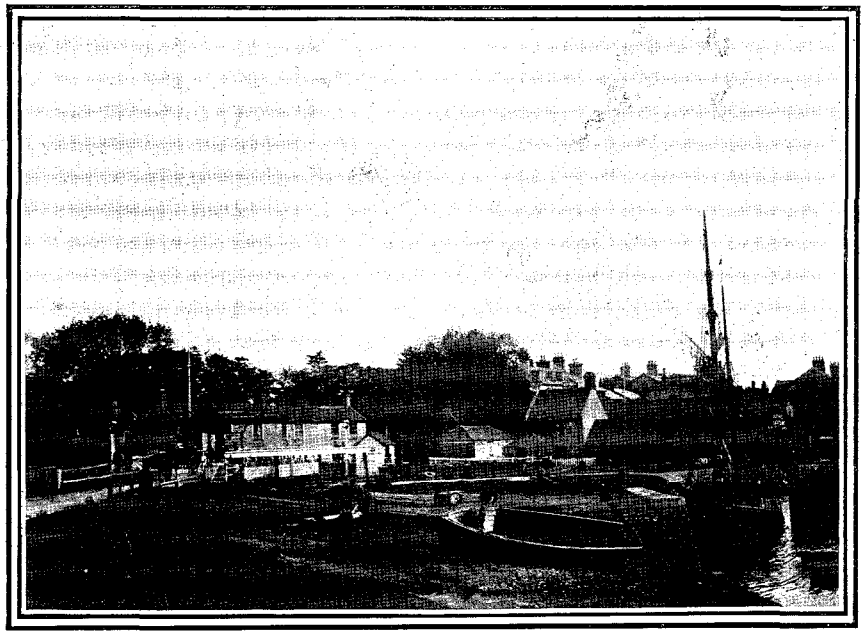

THE VILLAGE OF OULTON.

THE VILLAGE OF EAST DEREHAM, THE BIRTHPLACE OF GEORGE BORROW.

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"The period of Grub Street obscurity was terminated by the unexpected sale of a manuscript for £20. Borrow broke his chain, and escaped to the country, to the dingle, and to Isopel Berners. With his emancipation from town life a new graphic impulse is developed. Borrow now in his autobiographical writing seizes a new palette, and sets to work with fresh colours upon a stupendous canvas. The central portion of this marvellous composition is occupied by the Dingle episode, in which Lavengro (the 'word-master,' Borrow's gypsy name for himself) is revealed to us in conflict with 'the flaming tinman,' and in colloquy with his old friend Jasper, with a wicked papistical propagandist of infinite charm, 'the man in black,' with the typical gypsy chi, Ursula, and with the peerless Isopel Berners. Isopel was a tall blonde (a 'strapper,' over six feet in height), of the humblest origin, but of a truly noble spirit, by whom Borrow was irresistibly attracted. At the same time, he could hardly fail to reflect that an alliance with his 'Brynhildic queen' would involve the irremediable ruin of all the deepest-seated ambitions of his life. His dilemma was a perplexing one, and he dallied with it with a waywardness truly characteristic of him. He sought to postpone awkward decisions, to divert himself, and amuse Isopel by making his charmer learn Armenian—the language which he happened at the time to be studying. Isobel bore with it for some time, but the imposition of the verb to love in Armenian convinced her that the word-master was not only insane, but also inhuman. She ran away to the nearest seaport, and took shipping to America. Lavengro, with some anguish, steeled his heart against following her."

The scene of these transactions was a wooded glen or dingle a few miles from Willenhall, in Staffordshire, where Lavengro and Isopel were encamped in their respective tents, having as their neighbours the gypsy clan of which Jasper was the chief. Upon the whole, the Dingle chapters are perhaps the most brilliant and the most enduring that Borrow ever achieved. Their interest is greatly enhanced by the fact that they are probably a naked transcript from actual fact, for Borrow was a poor hand at invention. He rarely if ever invented a character. His surest source of inspiration was the unadorned truth. This extraordinary episode was not concluded in *Lavengro,* which ends with a studied abruptness worthy of the *Sentimental Journey;* it was carried on to a conclusion in a sequel to which Borrow gave the name of *The Romany Rye,* or *Gypsy Gentleman.* After the flight of Isopel, the author's adventures are carried on by means of a series of dissolving views, the narratives

THE SWAN HOTEL, STAFFORD—"ROMANY RYE."

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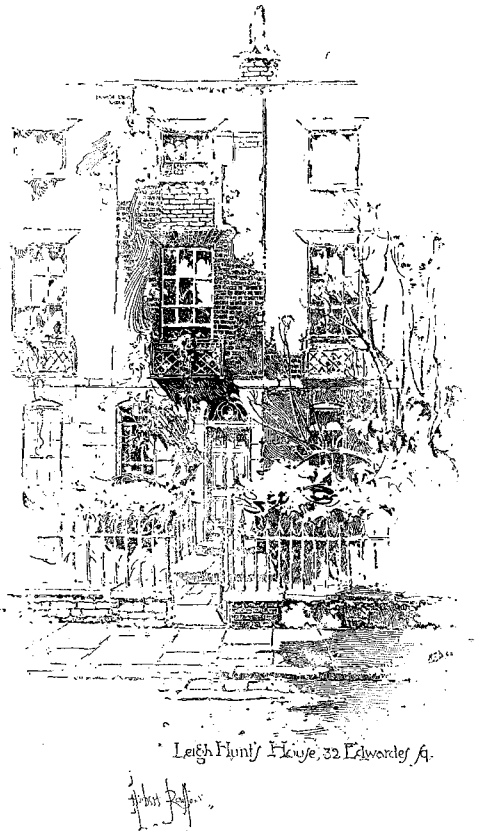
RACKHAM'S OFFICES, TUCK'S COURT, ST. GILES, NORWICH, THE SCENE OF BORROW'S EARLY LABOURS.

of strange characters, whom Borrow meets on the road, and his own personal adventures. He had the faculty of meeting with adventure upon the highway; every inn was the scene of potential romance. His power of fascinating us by the exercise of this faculty was just at its height when he pulls down the shutter abruptly and leaves us in the dark. The history of his life having been told with increasing minuteness down to August, 1825, there follows—a blank. It is with great difficulty that the mere outlines of Borrow's life for the next eight years can be traced. We leave him at Horncastle with fifty or sixty guineas in his pocket as the result of a successful bit of horse-dealing; but the mere fact of how he subsisted during the next few years is more or less of a mystery. We know, however, that he was in Norfolk, at Norwich, translating his favourite bards, and publishing *Romantic Ballads* in 1826. He made a tour in the south of France, and went to Madrid and then to Genoa, whence he sailed to England in a practically destitute condition. In 1830 he was in lodgings at 17 Great Russell Street, endeavouring to obtain an appointment at the British Museum. Subsequently he was resuming his practice as a hack writer, writing Tory leaders in East Anglican journals, waiting, like Mr. Micawber, for something to turn up, or in his own graphic phrase, "digging holes in the sand and filling them up again."

Whatever may be the final verdict on the literary work of Leigh Hunt, he will always be remembered as the original of Horace Skimpole in Dickens's *Bleak House,* and as the man who went to prison for the pleasure of referring wittily to the Prince-Regent, afterward George IV., as "a fat Adonis of forty."



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A BALLADE OF DETECTION

Savants there be who joy to read
  Of lofty themes in words that glow;
Others prefer the poet's screed
  Where liquid numbers softly flow.
  Others in Balzac interest show,
Or by Dumas are much impressed;
  Some seek grim novels full of woe—
I like Detective Stories best.

To my mind nothing can exceed
  The tales of Edgar Allan Poe;
Of Anna Katharine Green I've need,
  Du Boisgobey, Gaboriau;
  I've Conan Doyle's works all a-row,
And Ottolengui and the rest;
  How other books seem tame and slow!
I like Detective Stories best.

The dim, elusive clues mislead,
  Hiding the mystery below;
To fearful pitch my mind is keyed,
  Opinion shuttles to and fro!
  Sucessive shocks I undergo
Ere the solution may be guessed;
  Arguments and discussions grow—
I like Detective Stories best.

ENVOY:

Sherlock, thy subtle powers I know,
  Spirit of search, incarnate quest,
To thee the laurel wreath I throw—
  I like Detective Stories best.

—*Carolyn Wells.*

THE DETECTIVE IN FICTION

I.

The Old Detective.

Most men who have reached mature years can look back and recall the memory of an urchin who has been detected in the surreptitious reading of some paper-covered novel of sensational adventure when he was supposed to be engaged in more serious and profitable employment. If a man cannot remember some such occurrence, very likely it is because he was never found out. Also with the memory of the affair there comes back to him thoughts of the admonitions in which his mentor had at the time indulged. The enormity of his crime was painted in lurid colours. It was told how sensational literature unduly excited the youthful mind and led straight to evil deeds and perdition. Moralties, excellent but trite, were ladled out to him. Good literature, he was probably told, was essentially serious. Let him read Addison and improve his style, or study Brown's Grammar and improve his mind. As for *Red Light Will, the River Detective,* the cause of all the trouble—

When, in after years, a man recalls episodes of this kind, he very often feels that he should like himself to stand in the schoolmaster's place and to deliver a lecture of an entirely different kind. The

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schoolmaster's advice was excellent, and he was undoubtedly a good man; but one somehow feels sorry for him just because he never did read *Red Light Will*. That book, perhaps, would not have directly improved his mind, but it would have contributed to his general usefulness in that it would have broadened his insight into the human heart and helped to develop a sense of humour. He told of the enormity of reading sensational fiction; one might say something about the abnormality of not reading it. *Red Light Will* should be laid aside not so much because it failed of seriousness, but because it was comparatively "no good," and in its place there should be recommended a great number of other books a great deal more exciting and sensational. For instance, one might say: "Here is a book called *Ivanhoe*. It's great. Read it—especially the fighting part. Revel in the lists of Ashby and Sherwood Forest. Cherish in your heart the deeds and example of the gallant Wilfred and the brawny Black Knight, and hate the wicked Templar with a virtuous, intense hatred. And here's another book by the same writer who, by the way, for real, downright thrills makes Old Sleuth and Cap Collier 'look like thirty cents.' It's called *Quentin Durward*. There's lots of fighting in this one, too. Read it. And if it's Indians you want, why, here is Leatherstocking, five volumes of it, and in each volume thrills too innumerable to mention.

"Here is a book of which you have doubtless heard a great deal. It is called *The Pilgrim's Progress*. When you grow older you'll be advised to read and study it, because it is a great allegory. But you won't. So I say, read it now, not because it is a great allegory, but because it is one of the best and most exciting of all stories, and because Great Heart, who slew Giant Despair and demolished his castle, is one of the finest of the swashbuckling heroes of fiction. Read also this other romance, which may not be named here, and which tells of a trio or rather a quartette, who also shall be nameless. Simply let us say that they chose as their motto, 'All for One, and One for All;' they did brave and perilous deeds on land and on sea; they saved the good fame of a great queen, and set at naught the deep-laid plans of a great cardinal, and may you follow them through many volumes and strive to emulate them in some things, but not in all."

Although the boy's literary likes and the dime novel are only partially relevant to the title of this article, they lead in an indirect way to the subject itself. The emotions which inspired fifteen or twenty years ago affection for the heroes of Cap Collier or of Old Sleuth are the same which underlie at a later day a liking for Gaboriau's Lecocq or Dr. Doyle's Sherlock Holmes. At the present time there do not seem to be any old sleuths to stir the boy's mind and imagination. Whatever may have been the faults of the heroes of dime novel literature of twenty years ago, somehow we don't seem to have any like them to-day. Perhaps this is because the work is being done by another class of men. The writers of those novels twenty years ago were for the most part newspaper reporters who, although they took their tasks with very little reverence, were bound, despite themselves, to put into them something of their best. They allowed the imagination free play; they made use of every situation which they could invent or which was suggested to them by their reading in all dramatic literature. In consequence the humblest "shocker" then had in it something drawn from the great writers—from Scott, and Bulwer, and Cooper and the rest. The "shocker" of to-day is written differently. Its author is more economical of his energies and his invention. He has learned to choose his subject, and to weave his romance about the particular phase of crime that is being exploited in the newspapers of the day. Thus a few weeks ago one of the romances which was to be found everywhere on those news-stands which dispose of literature of this kind dealt with the career of the notorious Biddle brothers. By the time this article appears, very likely district messenger boys will be revelling in some strange tale purporting to be the story of the murder of Walter Brooks.

It was about twenty years ago that, in this type of fiction, the sleuth was at his apogee. The Indian hunter of the previous decade was losing his fascination. The camp fire was burning but dimly; the crack of the frontiersman's unerring rifle—degenerate descendant of Natty

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Bumpo's long carbine—had died away; the redskin had skulked back to his wigwam, his squaw, and his papooses, and sensational romance had taken up its abode in the close air of the great city, and was stalking the streets nightly in the guise of Old Sleuth, or Rafferty, the Irish detective.

The scene of most of these stories seems to have been laid in New York—a New York very much unlike the reality at any period of the city's history. The town of these stories was a place where, if you were walking through one of the side streets and looked up, you were sure to see a mysterious face outlined against one of the windows. Letters calling on you for assistance or apprising you that some stupendous crime was maturing were constantly falling at your feet. The rivers, especially by night, were places of infinite horror and wonder. The land and the structures along the water front were honeycombed with caves and secret passages. When darkness fell upon the city, pirate launches crept through Hell Gate and ran down stealthily toward the Battery in search of booty and opportunities for nefarious deeds. At the break of day these launches took their departure for some place on the coast of Long Island or of New Jersey, which in itself was a libel on many respectable commuters. Before the imagination the lower East Side loomed up as a great mysterious region inhabited solely by criminals of the most dangerous type, and dotted with dark and infamous dens. The very name, Five Points, carried with it the impression of gloom. Among the innumerable detectives of fiction who contributed so much to make the atmosphere of *this* New York, the present writer recalls in particular Old Sleuth and Rafferty and Chink, the Chinese detective. Old Rafferty was especially worthy of remembrance. A dozen different stories were given to the retailing of his adventures, but, alas, the time came when old Rafferty got married. One of his cases led him to form the acquaintance of a buxom, middle-aged Irish widow. The story was called *Old Rafferty's Luck*, a title which the readers naturally resented, for we don't think that Rafferty afterward followed many more clues. Mrs. Rafferty was evidently a practical woman.

The tales dealing with Old Rafferty and his fellows were, in a literary way, marked by the very laudable brevity of their sentences. The writers thereof were either paid by the line or were filling the required number of pages by the use of the shortest lines possible, and they saw to it that there were no long-winded conversations. For instance, here is a sample of the dialogue of that masterpiece of twenty years ago, *Ferret, the Man of a Million Disguises:*

"Hist!"

The burglar's voice broke the stillness of the night.

"Who goes there?"

"I!"

"You?"

"Yes."

"The deed is done."

"Done?"

"Yes, done."

"The swag?"

"Is here."

"There?"

"Yes, here."

"In the bag?"

"In the bag."

"It is well."

"Ha! Whose voice is that?"

"Whose voice!"

"Yes. Who are you?"

"Who am I?"

"Yes. Who are you?"

"Ferret, the man of a million disguises!"

Unique among all the books of that period devoted to exploiting the cunning vigilance of the sleuth was *Butts, the Boy Detective.* In his dramatised form Butts was long a source of wonder and delight, and by one who saw him, the great scene of the play shall never be forgotten. After many plots and counterplots Butts had succeeded in entering in disguise the den of the counterfeiters while they are at work. In the course of the action a word or a sound rouses suspicion. The chief of the counterfeiters springs to his feet, glances about at his men, and then asks in a voice of thunder, "Who came in that door last?" Thereupon our hero jumps up with a cocked revolver in each hand, places his back to the wall and shouts, "Butts, the Boy Detective!"

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II.

The New Detective.

The different types of detectives in fiction may be classified according to the social scale. Old Rafferty, Chink, Sleuth, Butts, and all of that ilk may be designated as the *canaille,* the proletarians; Poe's Dupin, Gaboriau's Lecoq and Père Tirauclair, and Dr. Doyle's Sherlock Holmes are the patricians; they represent the *grand monde:* between these extremes are the detectives who belong to the *bourgeoisie* of detection, and they, of course, are of the greatest number. An excellent type of this middle class is the Mr. Gryce of the stories of Anna Katharine Green. A crime is committed; Mr. Gryce is appealed to; he catches the scent; and at the end of the volume he shows you that the real culprit is the person who has been before you throughout, but whom you never have thought of suspecting. This last is the very basis of the real detective story of any length. Some years ago there appeared a detective story—was it not by Professor Brander Matthews?—in which the culprit was finally detected by a camera concealed in a clock. In the course of the story every character was at some time suspected, and then cleared of suspicion, and at the end the author explained that the crime had in reality been committed by a person of whom he had never before heard. This same law for the writing of detective stories seriously impairs the interest of one of Gaboriau's best—*L'Affaire Lerouge.* By the time we were half through the book and long before any hint of the true state of affairs is necessary, we are forced to the inevitable conclusion of the guilt of Noel, startling as that theory seems on its face, simply because Noel is the only possible person who has consistently avoided being the object of suspicion. Of this phase of the art of constructing a detective story Mr. Gryce has had every advantage, but beyond this there is nothing of very much importance; we are ready to accept what he has done, but there is nothing extraordinary in the way he has done it, and he remains, despite his dramatic environment, comparatively commonplace.

It was in Edgar Allan Poe's Dupin that the reasoner, the intellectual sleuth, first took definite form. Poe's weird mind had seized upon some curious phases of our mental life which are with us every day, and yet which are so vague and shadowy that they are persistently ignored. He had indulged, as has every one, in the tracing of one's mind back from thought to thought, and he conceived the idea of an acute observer who should reverse the process, and by a careful analysis of character and temperament, and a close watch of such outside subjects as might have influence, accurately follow from subject to subject the workings of his neighbour's mind.

In "The Murders of the Rue Morgue" Dupin first found the opportunity to put his powers to a practical test. Two women, mother and daughter, are found in their room slain in a most revolting manner. Through a series of acute observations and deductions Dupin traces the crime to an orang-outang escaped from the custody of its master, a sailor. It is all very ingenious, but the details are so peculiar and extraordinary that the horror falls somewhat flat. But take the tale apart, and one finds a curious analogy to the methods used in the stories about Sherlock Holmes. Dupin and his historian have rooms together, just as Holmes and Watson did. In each case the curiosity of the historian is first aroused by noticing the unconventional habits and studies of his companion. Dupin has his detractors among the official police, just as Holmes has his Gregson and his Lestrade, and Lecoq his Gevrol. The advertisement of the orang-outang which Dupin puts in the Paris newspapers and which results in the visit of the sailor, has found constant imitations in the career of Sherlock Holmes. In "The Purloined Letter," a story in which we can find much of the inspiration of "A Scandal in Bohemia" and "The Naval Treaty," Dupin is most plausible. A letter of great political importance, involving the honour of a queen, has been stolen by her enemy, a cabinet minister. To the recovery of this letter the official police have vainly devoted all their resources. The minister has been waylaid by apparent highwaymen and his person searched. Everything in his house has been minutely examined, pictures have been unmounted, the rungs of his chairs

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have been bored, every cubic inch has been put to the test. As a last resort Dupin is summoned. The amateur detective mentally places himself in the position of the minister, calls at the latter's house, looks for the most obvious object as the one most likely to escape attention, and recovers the letter. Granting the premises, "The Purloined Letter" is one of the most perfect stories of its kind. Of Dupin's methods in "The Mystery of Marie Roget," in which tale Poe developed his own theory of the murder of Mary Rogers, the beautiful cigar girl, a crime of which all New York was at the time talking, very little can be said. The editors of the magazine in which the story originally appeared decided that it would be best to omit the last half of the tale, and so far as the present writer knows "The Mystery of Marie Roget" has never been printed in full.

If in one line we can trace the ancestry of Sherlock Holmes to Edgar Allan Poe's Dupin, in another we can work back to Gaboriau, not, however, to the great Lecoq, but to old Taboret, better known to the official police who are introduced into the tales as Père Tirauclair. From Dupin, Holmes derived his intellectual acumen, his faculty of mentally placing himself in the position of another, and thereby divining that other's motives and plans, his raising of the observation of minute outward details to the dignity of an exact science. Père Tirauclair inspired him to that wide knowledge of criminal and contemporary history which enabled him to throw a light on the most puzzling problem and to find some analogy to the most *outré* case. With Lecoq, Holmes has absolutely nothing in common.

The deductions of Dupin and of Sherlock Holmes we are ready to accept, because we feel that it is romance, and in romance we care to refute only what seriously jars our sense of what is logical; we take those of Lecoq, because they convince beyond all question, because when one has been forced upon us, we are ready defiantly to maintain that no other is possible. To present Lecoq briefly, let us confine our attention to three books: *Monsieur Lecoq, The Mystery of Orcival* (*Le Crime d'Orcival*) and *File 113* (*Dossier 113*). The material upon which these stories were based, as was the case with almost all of Gaboriau's books, was taken from the secret archives of the Paris police. In *Monsieur Lecoq* we have the detective at the beginning of his career, a subordinate in the police service, seeking in that profession a field for his peculiar talents and his hitherto baulked ambition. One winter's night he is one of a party of police sent out to "round up" the slums of Paris. As they are traversing an open space near the southeast fortifications of the city, they hear terrible cries coming from a near-by drinking den. They break in the door, find three men dead on the floor and the murderer, with a smoking pistol in his hand, barricaded behind an overturned table. He tries to escape, but Lecoq, who has left his companions, enters the den from the rear, seizes him, and the assassin throws down his pistol, crying, "It is the Prussians who are coming!" It is on these words that the whole story is constructed. Just as at Waterloo the Emperor expected Grouchy instead of Blücher, so the murderer was looking to the quarter whence Lecoq came for an ally and not an enemy. And instantly there takes possession of the young detective's mind the belief that this grimy, unkempt ruffian is other than he seems—that he is certainly a man of education, perhaps even a man of the highest social rank. To this belief he clings throughout, in spite of every obstacle, in spite of the derision of his comrades and the open hostility of his superiors. Only once does he falter. He is very young, and the truth which is dawning upon him is so astounding. He goes for advice to Père Tirauclair; through the latter's knowledge of contemporary history his doubts are dispelled, he is shown the connecting link between the attempted suicide of the prisoner and the mysterious accident of the examining judge, and in the end he succeeds triumphantly in demonstrating that the assassin May is in reality the Duc de Sairmeuse. Sherlock Holmes rather ungraciously fleered at the whole feat, and boasted that he would have established the prisoner's identity in twenty-four hours.

In the *Mystery of Orcival* a terrible crime has been committed in a château near Paris. The local officials have been in charge for some hours, and have forged a very damning chain of evidence

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against one of the servants of the château. Lecoq, now high in his profession, arrives and looks over the ground. One of the most important points in the evidence is a clock, which has been overturned in the struggle which has taken place and which has stopped with the hands pointing a few minutes before midnight. This apparently establishes the time at which the crime was committed. Lecoq looks at the clock; then turns the hands forward to the hour. The clock strikes three. Lecoq smiles: with a move of his finger he has upset completely the laboriously constructed theory of the local police. This is only one of many points in this book which place the cunning of Lecoq above dispute. The opening chapters of *File 113* tell of the abstraction of a vast sum of money from a Paris banl. The money has been taken from a safe to which there are but two keys, one of which has been used, and on the green iron door there is a long scratch which tells of the agitation of the thief. An ambitious young detective, known as "The Squirrel," has presumptuously attempted to cope with Lecoq and to work independently. When he is floundering hopelessly, Lecoq comes to his aid and shows how at one time "The Squirrel" had momentarily the great opportunity. "You should immediately have asked for both the keys. To the one that was used there would have adhered some of the green paint from the scratch."

There are few, if any, men to-day who possess to so high degree as Dr. Doyle the art of weaving into their narratives episodes which are facts or of carrying their fiction to the very edge of history. This, be it understood, is said without any thought of disparagement. He himself has told how for *The White Company* he "tore" the very heart out of the chronicles of Froissart. His "Story of the Lost Special" was based on a story which appeared in this country a good many years ago, and to which Dr. Doyle gave an ending where the original writer thought none was possible. If, after reading *Rodney Stone*, you will take up Pierce Egan and other writers of the English prize-ring, you will see how old stories have been taken out of their crude setting and illuminated with the fire and colour of a real story teller. Most of the men who sat round the table at the banquet given to the Corinthians and the Fancy by Sir Charles Tregellis are as historic as the Tower, and the fight in the coach house which introduced young Jim Harrison to London was almost word for word an episode in the early career of Pierce, the Game Chicken, some time champion of England. And in some such manner, out of odds and ends, Dr. Doyle seems to have constructed the many-sided character of Sherlock Holmes.

A point which for the time places Holmes by the side of Lecoq is that of the pills in *The Study in Scarlet*. The body of Drebber has been found in the deserted house, the story is well on its way, and Watson and the official police and the reader are floundering about in utter darkness. Lestrade comes with the tale of the murder of Stangerson, and after narrating the dramatic and relevant points enumerates the unimportant objects that have been found beside the body. At the words, "box of pills," Holmes springs to his feet with the astounding statement that his case is complete, and begins the demonstration which ends a few minutes later with the handcuffing of the cabman. Here and there throughout the other stories there are points almost, if not equally, as telling. In "The Adventure of the Speckled Band," perhaps the weirdest and most hideous tale that Dr. Doyle has ever written, there is a fine subtlety in the manner in which Holmes links the bed clamped to the floor, the dummy bell-rope, the ventilator, the dog whip, the saucer of milk and the clanging safe. There is ingenuity in "The Reigate Puzzle," "The Five Orange Pips," "The Scandal in Bohemia," "The Naval Treaty" and "The Engineer's Thumb;" and as is told elsewhere in this number of THE BOOKMAN, an episode of much significance in the recently published *The Hound of the Baskervilles*. The name of Sherlock Holmes, with that of Dupin, will in the end be found very near the apex; but in the realm of material achievement Lecoq must stand alone.

Arthur Bartlett Maurice.

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CONSTANCE DE CORDUROY

AN HISTORICAL NOVEL.

CHAPTER XCII.

Constance found the old man seated before the fire in the little cabin she had come to love so well. For a moment she hesitatingly paused upon the threshold, thinking she heard sounds of conversation. But, save for the blind retriever at his feet, he was alone, solitary, unattended. Constance recalled that when it was too cold to work outdoors it was Uncle Ober's habit to thus sit beside his hearth with the old dog, splitting infinitives.

"I have come to warn you that this retreat is no longer safe," she whispered, bending over him; "I hope you are not offended."

"If enybody was to tell me my boots was burnin', I ain't too big a fool to take 'em off the stove," he enigmatically answered.

Constance laughed her low, soft, whinnying laugh.

"Burgoyne has crossed the Nepperhan," she said, "and I am pretty sure—"

"In guessin' what the other feller's goin' to do," retorted Uncle Ober, "there's only one thing you can be pretty sure of, and that is that you're guessin' wrong."

For a moment she was silent, speechless, dumb.

"Oh!" she ventured, fixing him. He caught her meaning.

"A man who's too smart to need any outside help is like a steam whistle that thinks it can go off and toot alone without the biler," he flung back at her consolingly.

Constance shrivelled.

"You mean—" she hesitated, wincing.

"It ain't fair to say gals don't think of nothin' but their good looks," he mused, regarding her; "if they did, they wouldn't spile 'em so by gettin' mad."

"But * * * * * * * *"

"Some fellers thinks the things they don't know how to do hadn't ought to be done."

"Now * * * * * * * *"

"If actin' square didn't do no more than make your vittles taste better, it would be wuth all the trouble."

"And * * * * * * * *"

"What are yer hollerin' about? I ain't hurt, as the feller's ear sed to his funny-bone."

"Ah * * * * * * * *"

"Wouldn't it jar you to find out folks don't think no more of you than you do of them?"

"I * * * * * * * *"

"There's one good thing about a rotten apple—you don't have to eat it."

"Oh * * * * * * * *"

"It's a waste of time tryin' to please a feller who can't please himself."

Constance rose, pale, agitated, trembling.

"Uncle Ober," she gaspingly ejaculated, "where did you acquire all the wisdom you express so quaintly?"

The old man reached a trembling hand toward the shelf and pointed to a tattered volume.

"That there book is the *Thoughts of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius Antoninus,*" he faintly chuckled. "All I've got to do is to reel him off in my own inimitable way. If a feller wasn't allowed to say nothin' that's been sed before, there wouldn't be much use for spellin' books."

Constance was awe-struck, captivated, bewitched.

Herman Knickerbocker Viele.

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WOMAN'S DRESS IN THE MODERN FRENCH NOVEL

Most of the French novelists of recent years have taken a particular delight in describing endlessly in their innumerable books the various toilets of their innumerable heroines. They seem to have made a specialty of descriptions of this kind, and to have thought them evidences of the finer art of romance writing. Perhaps there is in this no cause for complaint on the part of the reader, but one has at least the right to demand that if these descriptions are minute they should also be comparatively just and exact.

As every one knows, nothing is more variable than fashion. What is thought elegant to-day will be ridiculous to-morrow, and in attempting to paint in words a gown that should appeal to the readers of ten years hence the novelist would necessarily be undertaking a hopeless task. In looking over the attires of the various heroines of contemporary fiction, one is reminded of a field dotted with strange and incongruous flowers. One sees little reason and little symmetry, because the novelists almost without exception seem to be ignorant of the essential law of harmony in colour applied to the woman's dress. There is hardly a woman who does not understand the basic law that the general colour of the toilet must be the complementary colour of the complexion of she who wears it. That is to say, the white blonde will choose blue turquoise; the golden blonde, blue green; the brunette, red; the woman with chestnut hair (chatain) violet. Yet simple as this law is, the novelists seem to be persistently ignoring it.

For instance, there is Paul Bourget, typically a writer *mondain,* whose books deal with the great world peopled by men and women of fashion. But let us open *Mensonges.* The heroine, Madame Moraines, appears. It is at a ball.

> A young woman passing through the antechamber slipped off her wrap, showing her fine figure clothed all in red. Her profile was delicate, her nose slightly arched, her mouth that of a woman given to wit and laughter. In her soft blonde hair diamonds were glittering. René . . . felt himself grow pale as he met her clear blue eyes shining out of a complexion that one must call, despite the triteness of the metaphor, rose-coloured.

This is very far indeed from being a masterstroke of description. Can you imagine this woman, so blonde and with pale eyes, dressed entirely in red? What would become of the rose-tinted complexion? Alas, everything would have faded; there would have remained nothing of that blonde beauty, which would have shown so well in white or blue or pink or black, or, in fact, in any colour whatever with the exception of red. M. Bourget's error was monstrous and inexcusable. But in this error Bourget is by no means alone. Turn to Anatole France, who pretends to an intimate knowledge of the way that women should dress, and we find him talking of the blonde Comtesse Martin as throwing over her shoulders a long cape of red velvet tipped with gold and lined with ermine. While such a cape would undoubtedly enhance the beauty of a brunette, on the shoulders of the blonde comtesse it makes the compliments paid to her by the painter Dechartre seem ridiculous.

> Dechartre praised her for the simplicity with which she dressed. . . . He liked, he said, those toilets supple and free that one sees so rarely and yet never forgets. She was much flattered; she had never heard praises that gave her so much pleasure. She knew that she dressed very well, with a taste bold and sure. But no man, except her father, had ever complimented her intelligently. She thought men capable only of feeling the effect of a dress without understanding its ingenious details. . . . Therefore, she resigned herself to having her attire appreciated only by women who are moved, after all, by a spirit of meanness and of jealousy. The artistic and masculine admiration of Dechartre surprised and pleased her.

No doubt it did, but one must say that Dechartre's admiration was very much more masculine than artistic, and that if this painter had undertaken portraits of women, they certainly would have been very bad.

Guy de Maupassant was another who considered himself eminent as an authority on this subject. Shrewder than Anatole France, he refrained from elaborate descriptions, or at least his descriptions were so vague that he seldom laid

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himself open to serious criticism. Read this passage from *Fort Comme la Mort:*

He looked at her. "*Bigre,* how beautiful you are! What style!"

"Yes, I have a new gown. Is it not pretty?"

"Very harmonious. One may say that you have a wonderful sense of shades." He walked round her, felt the cloth, changed with his fingers the hanging of the folds.

"It is very successful. It becomes you admirably."

Although we know neither of what colour this dress was nor of what material it was made, we are convinced, as the painter Olivier Bertin was convinced, that it was very becoming. This general judgment satisfies us entirely. We see the heroine, a Parisian well gowned in an elegant costume that "becomes her very well." It is enough.

There is one side of the whole matter for which we may as well turn to M. Marcel Prévost. It is a side which is not without some importance in France, and concerns the use of fiction for advertising the work of certain dressmakers and milliners. Here is an example:

"By the way," said Maude, "I have decided that the coat should be close fitting."

"In the style that Laferrière is making?"

"Yes. Only I shall modify it a little by changing the corsage. You will understand." She explained.

What was it that she explained? She could never make explanations that would be sufficient to show us that novelists of high talent should descend to becoming advertising agents. And yet in this Marcel Prévost is by no means alone. From the time of Georges Ohnet, Worth has been referred to complacently. In *Le Maître de Forges* Ohnet described Athénaïs transformed and vastly improved in appearance after she had gone through the hands of a great dressmaker. Undeniably Worth knew his trade well, and Ohnet described women's dress better than Bourget or France, and with much less pretension.

Of all things, style is the most fragile, the most changeable. To attempt to establish it permanently is folly. No writer can conquer this inexorable law. Not even Balzac, who dressed his heroines in a manner that makes us to-day wonder how women so robed could have inspired loves so ardent. In us they inspire only the desire to laugh. Read this description taken from *Beatrix:*

She was charming in her morning gown. On her head was one of those red velvet hair nets then in the fashion. . . . A very short black velvet riding coat formed a modern Greek tunic, showing the cambric skirt and the pretty Turkish slippers of gold and red. It was a toilet unique, one of those toilets which express an idea.

An idea, perhaps—but a very ridiculous idea. Gautier, although an artist, was not any happier in some of his descriptions; but Zola, who has never claimed to be either a man of the world or an artist, has been much more successful in adapting his colours to his heroines, simply because these heroines belonged to that type in which the effect was heightened by each display of ridiculous taste. There is one novelist, however, who excels in adorning the heroine. A word, a stroke, and they are dressed. There is never a fault of taste. But then this novelist is a woman—Gyp. She never overdoes these descriptions, but when she decides to draw a picture it is always exact. This is how she invents a ball dress for a very young girl:

Chiffon slipped the little simple robe of white over the filmy skirt falling straight, and of which the gathered corsage covered her firm and beautiful bust.

This is just the dress that belongs to a young girl. And fifty years hence young girls will still be wearing at balls these simple robes of white mousseline de soie.

But for one writer who is capable of describing woman's dress, how many others are there utterly incompetent and entirely ignorant of the art of the fashion. It was a long time ago that women novel readers gave up the habit of dressing themselves after the heroines of Paul Bourget, of Marcel Prévost, of Paul Hervieu, and of Maurice Donnay. At the present time do women enjoy even seeing in print these interminable displays of the wardrobe? It is to be doubted. As to the men, they all skip and turn the leaf. They are wise, and undoubtedly there are many women who do the same.

Louise Faure-Favier.

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BOHEMIA

Soracte stands no longer deep
  In snow, but budding to the Spring;
Where the boy Flaccus lay asleep,
  On Vultur's side, the doves take wing;

Bandusia's fountain, crystal clear,
  Leaps to the south wind's soft caress,
And Faunus hails the youthful year,
  Blithe in his glad, green wilderness.

Come, let us follow gaily where
  The smiling, short, grey poet trod;
Hark! Aufidus rolls on the air
  And headlong Anio gems the sod;

Beneath this ilex, Tyndaris,
  Her classic beauty all aglow,
Sings to her lute, of Circe's kiss,
  A love song of the long ago.

Is this Bohemia? Aye, the moon
  Spells her white magic on the air,
And on the water writes a rune
  That laughs away old Time and Care.

Here come the loves of other days,
  Yea, even the dead whom we hold dear;
Here every poet wears the bays
  And every warrior shakes the spear.

High o'er this vale thy cold, white star,
  Oh, Destiny, stay for to-night!
Fame, from thy temple shining far,
  Blot out for us the garish light.

To-morrow we'll attack the height,
  Brave a new wound for every scar,
Wage a new battle for the right
  And hitch our wagons to the star.

But, oh, to-night—we would forget,
  Here, 'mid the clusters of the vine,
That even this glorious rose is wet
  With the fond dews of Auld Lang Syne!

John Paul Bocock.

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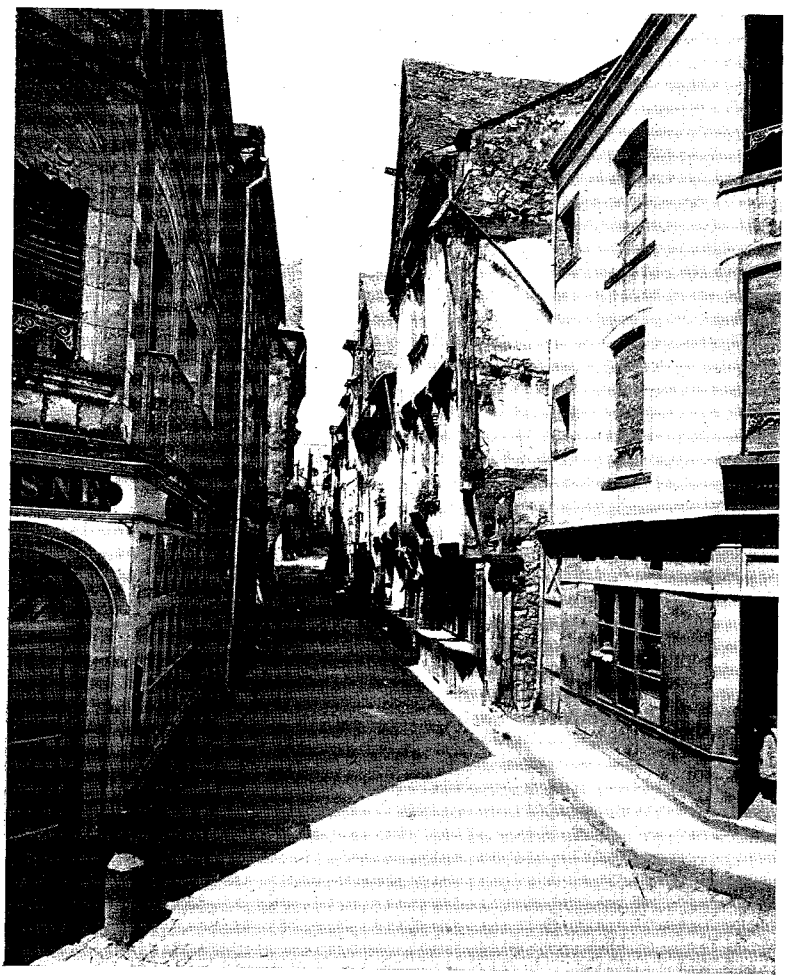
VITRÉ AND MADAME DE SÉVIGNÉ

The motive which impelled the Marquis de Sévigné and his young bride, in the year 1646, to leave Paris, and seek the fields and groves and garden of "Les Rochers," at Vitré, was a desire to avoid the excitement of the gay French capital and a yearning for the quiet stability of the unspoiled Breton life. That Madame



LA RUE BEAUDRAIRIE.

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de Sévigné found the château at Vitré as charming and satisfying as she had anticipated, is indicated by her long stay in that sylvan retreat. So that her friends in Paris ceased to gossip about her, and her profligate cousin, Bussy de Rabutin, sent a letter in verse to Vitré, urging the happy couple not to bury themselves utterly, but to remember the brilliant festivities at the court of "Le Grand Monarque."

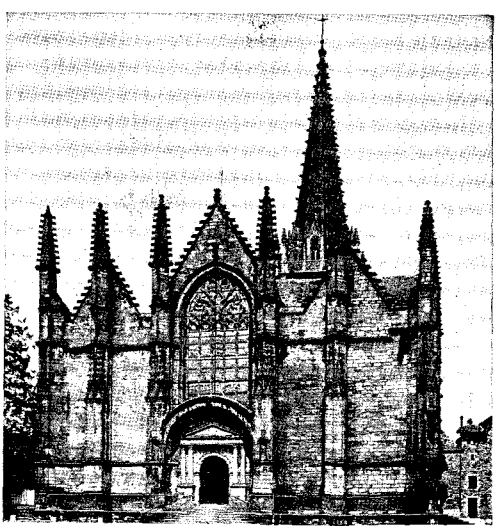
In those days the two hundred miles journey up to Paris was a serious and prolonged experience. If the Marquis and his wife could have commanded the comfort and speed of the modern railway, or, better still, could have adjusted themselves to the reckless rapidity of the automobile, doubtless they would have been numbered frequently among the guests at the fêtes and feasts of Versailles.

History repeats itself—with additions; the old theme of love vibrates anew—with variations. Yonder, across the central square of Vitré, is a young couple mounting to the seat of an automobile. The well-groomed young man assists the daintily gowned lady to her place, doffs his hat to the landlord, then the turn of a lever, and the strange vehicle glides swiftly away. But for their costumes they might well be the Marquis and Marquise de Sévigné, en route from Paris to Les Rochers. They turn to the right and enter the narrow Rue Beaudrairie. The round-shouldered, decrepit old houses on either side nearly knock their heads together as they bend over to see the strange creature, the swiftly moving horseless monster. Vehicles may change, but thoroughfares—in sluggish, mediæval Vitré—remain the same.

RUE SÉVIGNÉ.

A few steps toward the left and one enters La Rue Poterie, and, a little beyond, La Rue de Sévigné all of them lined with the same kinds of ancient dwellings, built of grey stone and stout timbers, outlasting the many generations of human beings who have dwelt under their roofs. Across the street there is that little court, a veritable "cul-de-sac," and the old dame knitting there in the sunlight, as scores of other women will knit, during the closing hours of the day. Did "les tricoteuses," the famous "Knit-

NAVE OF THE CHURCH OF NOTRE DAME, VITRÉ.



CHURCH OF NOTRE DAME, VITRÉ.

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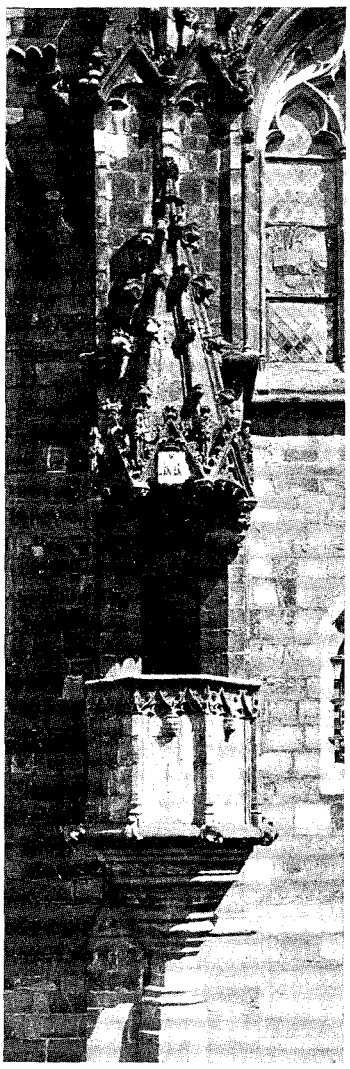
ters," who sat unmoved under the shadow of the guillotine, at Paris, remove to peaceful Vitré after the Revolution? Huge bundles of socks and other knitted garments go up to Paris each year from the hands of these Vitré women, who are famous for their skill and speed in this handicraft.

"*Qui laborat, orat,*" says the old Latin phrase; but these busy, devout people find time for other kinds of prayers, as the well-filled churches attest; and while gay, worldly Paris gives little heed to the summons from steeples and belfries, here in Vitré, in the heart of Brittany, religion plays an important part in daily life, and the Gothic splendour of "God's House" contrasts triumphantly with the mean, narrow rooms in the houses of men.

In our day there is practically but one form of the Christian religion, the Roman Catholic, maintained in Vitré and in other Breton towns; but time was when these streets ran blood from the veins of contending Papist and Huguenot. A little later the bloody strife softened into wars of words, and skilful disputants contended, in public, before the crowd, upon vital questions of conscience and ecclesiastical authority. Then it was that pulpits, beautifully carved in stone, were built against the outside walls of churches and castles; and from these vantage points the faithful were exhorted and the recalcitrant were warned by cowled monks and white-robed priests.



EXTERIOR PULPIT OF NOTRE DAME.

There is one spot, toward which the feet of every modern visitor to Vitré insensibly and inevitably turn—the Château Les Rochers, the country home of Madame de Sévigné, queen of letter-writers and patron saint of faithful mothers. The four intervening miles of smooth highway may be quickly traversed by the automobile, and we find ourselves in front of the grey towers of Les Rochers. The octagonal structure at the left is the chapel. Behind it is the well-kept garden of several acres, so dearly loved by the fair Marquise, where she walked each day, as her letters tell us, in the closing hours of the afternoon.

One must not expect the present occupants of the château to come out and welcome us. Monsieur and Madame Netumires, into whose family the estate came, in 1714, would find little time for other duties if they "personally conducted" all tourists over their estate; for, though few English and American travellers come to Vitré, the place is a Mecca to all educated Frenchmen; Madame de Sévigné is an ideal, an idol even, to most of them, and Les Rochers is one of the national shrines.

The warm sunshine poured down, and the summer silence was broken only by subdued twitterings of contented birds in the thickets. We did not approach the château directly, but crossed the court-yard to the quarters of the concierge. There were two smiling little figures in the doorway of the cottage—the little daughters of the concierge, beaming with good-nature; doubtless finding much more enjoyment in life than do the daughters of the château, who, if local gossip may be trusted, are sadly bored by life in the country.

A sturdy, resolute woman, in cap and apron, seizes a bunch of keys from a hook behind the door, and politely asks us to

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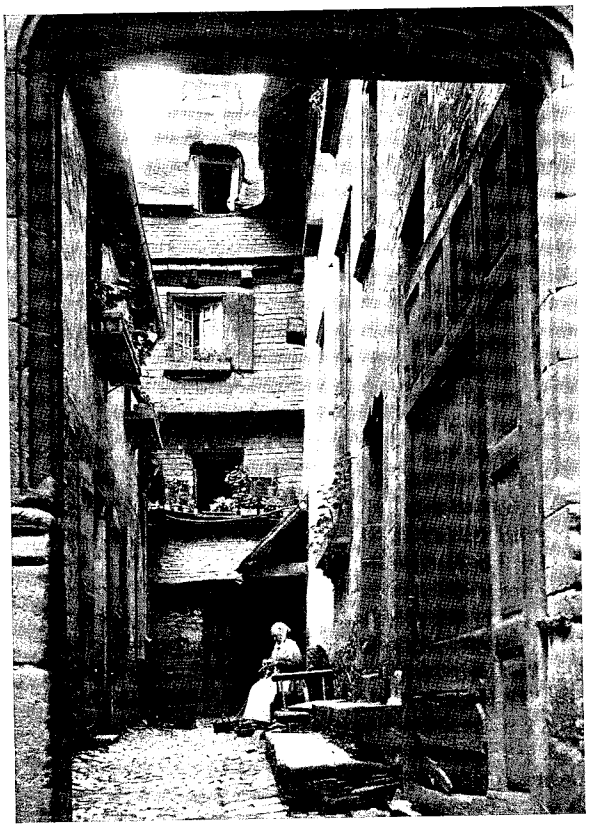
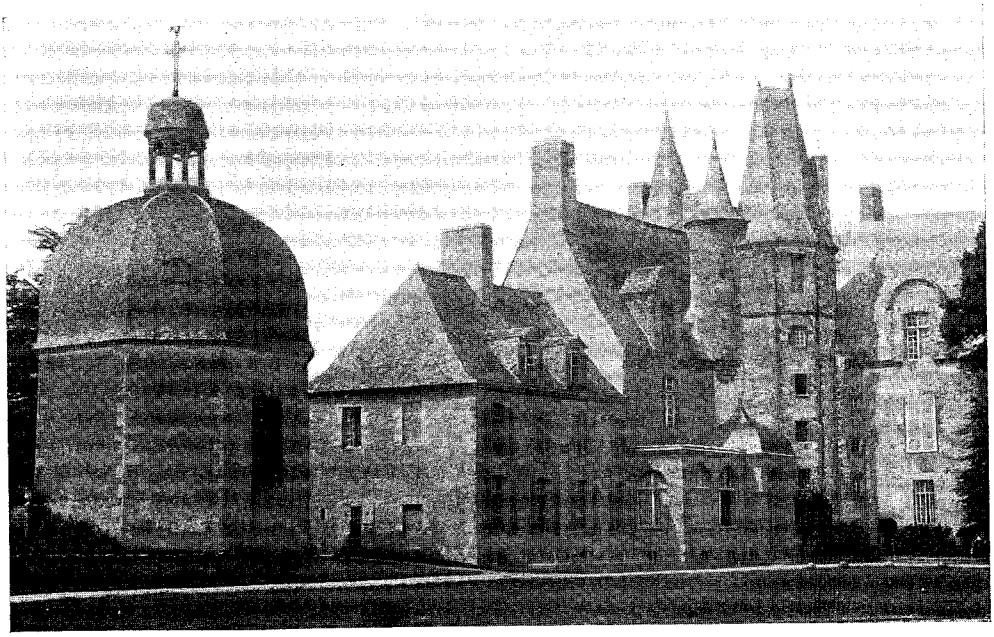


A COURTYARD IN VITRÉ

follow. We pass the substantial stone stables, catching a glimpse of the farm-yard, and are led over to the group of grey, weather-beaten buildings comprising the château itself.

Visitors are allowed to enter only the octagon chapel and the room of Madame de Sévigné, which is on the ground floor, and opens directly upon the garden. The chapel is the tiniest possible place, affording room to not more than a dozen worshippers.

The place is dim, even in this bright, sunny day, and we presently emerge, with a slight sense of relief, and walk a few yards beyond to the room which was living-room, bedroom, boudoir and study for the illustrious letter-writer. It is only a foot or two above the level of the garden, opening upon it by a large double door with glass panels. Entering, we are in the veritable home and secret retreat of Madame de Sévigné. A full-length portrait of her, painted by Mignard, hangs upon the wall; the bed is resplendent with the red and yellow coverlet worked by



CHÂTEAU LES ROCHERS.

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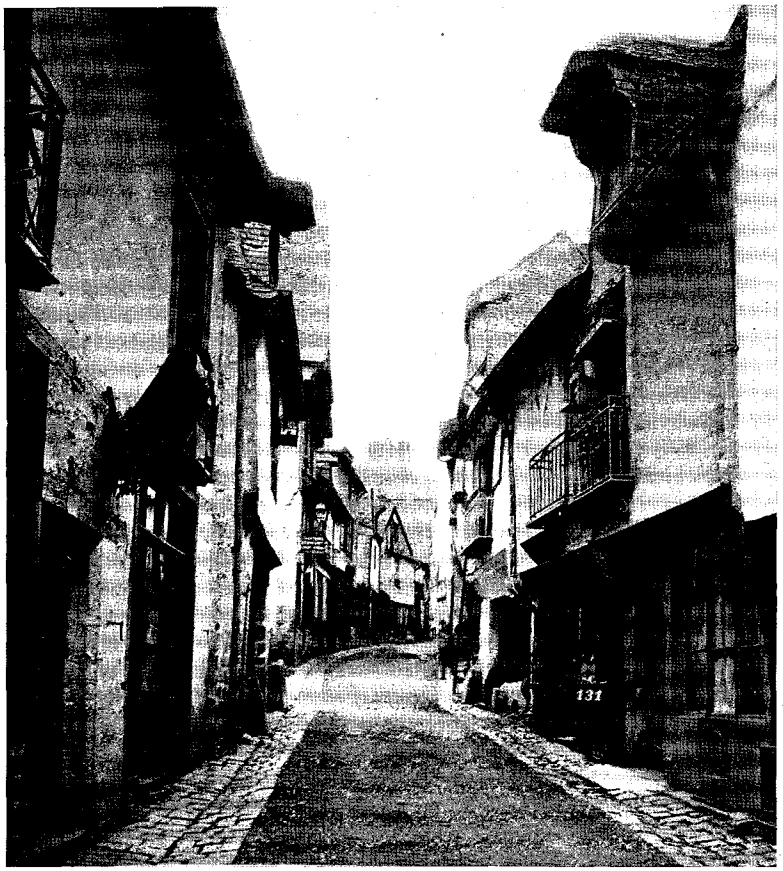
her daughter, Madame de Grignan. The candlesticks and ewer and basin are all the identical ones used by Madame de Sévigné. When we wickedly point out to the concierge the small size of the ewer, she laughs and retorts that in those days not much water was used; "just a little, a very little" (suiting the action to the word, and applying the tips of two fingers to her face).

find sympathy in the breast of a man who had sent thousands of sons to their graves and brought despair to the hearts of thousands of mothers.

As we try to picture to ourselves this beautiful, tender, indefatigable writer of letters, we have the full-length portait by Mignard, and the two portraits from Versailles, one painted when she was about thirty, and the other when she had



RUE POTERIE.

Here, then, we come very close to the subject of this sketch. Here "She" sat and wrote her wonderful letters. In those days, as now, Sunday seemed to be the one day of the week devoted to letter-writing; you will find "Sunday" placed at the top of a large number of the famous epistles. Napoleon seemed not to care for the letters; he told somebody that reading them was like eating snowballs. One could hardly expect the warm, maternal spirit breathing through them to

reached fifty. In addition, we have the following pen-picture by Mademoiselle Scudéry. "She has blue eyes, full of life and expression. She dances with marvellous grace. Her voice is sweet and melodious. I have never seen so much charm united with so much brightness of intellect, such innocence and virtue. She is graceful, without affectation; witty, without malice; gay, without folly; modest, without constraint; and virtuous, without severity."

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It was almost an inexplicable quality in the young Marquise that led her calmly to disregard the gayeties of the brilliant court of Versailles and find entire contentment in this quiet, secluded Brittany life. However, she was surrounded by the most perfect conditions possible in country life. As we wander about through the shaded walks of the large garden, we easily catch the charm of it all. The beds of geranium, rich in red and pink, are kept as they were in "Her" time. Tiny orange trees are growing in large boxes of loam, and fill the air with the delicious scent of their blossoms. There are, also, hedges of thorn and holly, shutting in the smooth walks, and making them ideal retreats for lovers. The trees are of various kinds and sizes; but, towering above all others, rise the huge cedars of Lebanon, with their stratified foliage, sombre in tone, but never fickle and changeable, like the deciduous beech and oak.

DAUGHTERS OF THE CONCIERGE.

Perhaps the paucity of rustic amusements in the olden time is implied in the "echo stone" at one corner of the enclosure. There the concierge places the visitor on a flat stone, and invites him to utter a few words, facing, at the same time, the high, smooth wall. The result is a faint response, a weak echo; and the visitor wonders if he has done the thing correctly; but a delighted, convincing smile on the concierge's face settles it; the experiment is a success, and we smile back at the honest, earnest face.

There is one object, however, in the garden which is full of interest and suggestion. It is the old brass sundial, mounted firmly and enduringly upon its pedestal of carved stone. Doubtless "Her" mild blue eyes rested often upon it in the long, long ago, as she took those strolls in the garden which she so much enjoyed. On the dial these words are cut into the hard stone: "Ultimam time!" She must have seen those warning words many and many a time. Perhaps their injunction was on the background of her mind when she wrote, in one of her letters, "I find the conditions of life very hard. It seems to me that I have been dragged, in spite of myself, to that fatal point at which I must suffer old age. I see it; I am there; and I could wish, at any rate, to go no farther; not to advance another step along the path of infirmities, of pains, of loss of memory and of disfigurements, such as are ready to affront me."

There you have one of the penalties of beauty; and we wonder, as we paraphrase the old saying, "Is it better to have had beauty and lost it, than never to have had beauty at all?" However, Madame de Sévigné possessed much beside physical beauty with which to win the affection of her contemporaries and the commendation of posterity. She passed unscathed through the fiery temptations of her time, and turned lovers into friends by the talisman of her pure, upright life. Despite all the wealth of affection which

BRASS SUN-DIAL IN THE GARDEN OF LES ROCHERS.

FARM YARD OF THE CHÂTEAU.

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she lavished upon Madame de Grignan, she had much to give to her friends. Therefore they loved her. Therefore Madame de Lafayette, lying upon a sick bed, awaiting death, could sincerely say to her, "I think I have loved you better than I have ever loved any other human being."

The beautiful Marquise, lovely in face and form, but even lovelier in heart and soul, is a lasting attestation of the truth of the famous line, "To be admired, is nothing; to be loved, is everything." One reads the appreciation of Lamartine, and one feels that his judgment was sound. "Madame de Sévigné, who was almost a poet herself, was, in fact, the Petrarch of French prose. Like him, she knew how to communicate to a thousand hearts the throbbings of her own."

Bradley Gilman.

"GEORGE ELIOT" *

Mr. Leslie Stephen has performed an invaluable service, not so much to the genius of George Eliot, which may well trust its case to posterity, as to those among her admirers who resent the momentary neglect into which she has fallen. Such "interlunar" phases are the lot of all great writers. It is not long since Macaulay was rescued from the contempt of the very schoolboy in whose omniscience he placed such flattering faith; and Racine, according to Madame de Sévigné, was destined *passer comme le café.* This, as it turns out, is precisely what he did; and some such fate doubtless awaits other reputations rashly condemned to a like evanescence.

Meanwhile, it is encouraging to see a critic of Mr. Stephen's authority set himself resolutely against that belittling process by which each generation thinks to mark its advance over its predecessors. No such conscious motive, of course, underlies the inevitable reactions of taste, and their very inevitableness makes them, self-evidently, a subject rather for analysis than for criticism; but it is well that the popular judgment should now and then be called on to account for itself, to reckon up losses and gains, and see whither its tidal impulses are carrying it.

In the case of George Eliot, the influences determining the change are somewhat difficult to trace. The principal charge against her seems to be that she was to "scientific," that she sterilised her imagination and deformed her style by the study of biology and metaphysics. The belief that scientific studies have this effect on the literary faculty has received what is regarded as striking confirmation in Darwin's well-known statement that, as he grew more engrossed in his physiological investigations, he lost his taste for poetry, so that at last he became incapable of finding any pleasure in the great writers who had once delighted him. This statement seems convincing till examined more closely; then it will be remembered that there is more than one way of studying the phenomena of life, and that the fixity of purpose and limited range of investigation to which the scientific specialist is committed differ totally from the cultivated reader's bird's-eye view of the field of scientific speculation. George Eliot was simply the cultivated reader, and her biological acquirements probably differed in degree, rather than in kind, from those, for instance, of Tennyson, who is acknowledged to have enlarged the range of poetic imagery by his use of metaphors and analogies drawn from the discoveries of modern science. Certainly, no one can deny the poetic value of the evolutionary conception. Guyau has finely said: *L'hypothèse c'est le poème du savant;* and almost all the famous scientific hypotheses have an imaginative boldness and beauty which justify the metaphor. The great investigators have never wearied of repeating that all the forward steps in science have been made by an imaginative effort, by the deductive rather than the inductive method. Goethe the poet was nourished, not stunted, by the scientific inductions of Goethe the morphologist; and Milton's allusion to Ga-

*George Eliot. By Leslie Stephen. New York: The Macmillan Company.

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lileo's "optic glass" shows how early the poetic mind was ready to seize on any illustration furnished by the investigations of science. Is it because these were men, while George Eliot was a woman, that she is reproved for venturing on ground they did not fear to tread? Dr. Johnson is known to have pronounced portrait-painting "indelicate in a female"; and indications are not wanting that the woman who ventures on scientific studies still does so at the risk of such an epithet.

Aside from such prejudices, it will probably be agreed that the use any writer makes of his or her knowledge is the sole test of its specific value. If it be found that George Eliot's studies had the effect generally ascribed to them, it may at once be conceded that, in her case, they were misdirected. If it can be shown that she was originally a buoyant poetic creature, with a bright play of fancy and a light flexible style—that the spontaneity of Charlotte Brontë or the precision and limpidity of Jane Austen were among her inherent gifts—then it must be owned that the chance which threw her into the society of George Lewes and Mr. Herbert Spencer was one to be deplored by her readers. It remains to be seen whether any such case can be made out against destiny. George Eliot passed from the narrowest evangelicalism of an English provincial town to the freest intellectual atmosphere of a great city. In her youth she gave no signs of any natural welling-up of the poetic faculty. Her preoccupations were mainly theological. Her discussions with her friends suggest the lucubrations of Milton's archangels. When she ceased to be a dogmatic Christian, she did not rest in agnosticism, but took refuge in the fold of Comte. She was predestined to a "chapel" of one kind or another. Not only did she write no poetry at this period, but she showed not the slightest leaning toward creative work. Her imagination was dormant. Her style, as shown in her letters, was prolix, ponderous and pedantic. Not a metaphor gives promise of the wealth of imagery so characteristic of her later work, not an epigrammatic phrase foreshadows the coiner of proverbs and aphorisms, not a gleam of humour suggests the creator of Mrs. Poyser, the Dodsons and Mr. Brooke. Such indications of future development as the letters give are all in the line of uneasy heart-searchings combined with great intellectual curiosity. What was so likely to free such a spirit from the bonds of ethical pedantry as the contact with that vast speculative movement which was just then opening countless new avenues into the mind of man and the phenomena of the universe?

Mr. Stephen appears at first to make some concession to the popular superstition, as when, he says, that "Mr. Herbert Spencer's philosophy may be admirable in its own sphere, but is not of itself likely to stimulate an interest in purely imaginative work;" but his subsequent summing-up of George Eliot's achievement proves once again how impossible it is to say what influences are likely to quicken the creative faculty. Mr. Stephen himself admits that "it almost seems as if George Eliot would never have written a novel at all had it not been for the quick perception of Lewes." Is not this an admission that she had at last found the *milieu* she needed?

In other respects Mr. Stephen's estimate is at once judicious and appreciative; and he touches in a happy phrase on one point of special significance when he says, in speaking of the *Scenes of Clerical Life,* that "it is the constant, though not obtrusive, suggestion of the depths below the surface of trivial life which gives an impressive dignity to the work; and, in any case, marks one of the most distinctive characteristics of George Eliot's genius."

Perhaps he does not do quite as full justice to the Shakespearean quality of her humour, that humour which is of the very texture of life, and which has its source in those "depths below" to which only the divining-rod of genius penetrates. But George Eliot might have said of herself as an author what Faust said of himself as a man:

Zwei Seelen wohnen, ach, in meine Brust!

The philosophic observer of life's ironies—the humourist who records with such zest the sayings of Mr. Brooke, Mrs. Poyser, the Pullets, and Gwendolen's family group in *Daniel Deronda*—this genial spectator of the human comedy is too often thrust aside by the preacher who feels called upon to draw a somewhat obvious moral from the spectacle which his collaborator would have left to speak

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for itself. Her style shows the same curious quality. Rapid and varied in dialogue, it lacks both these qualities in narrative; yet in character-drawing it is far less heavy and diffuse than in passages of "reflection." In other words, the observer of life is a better writer than the moralist.

The critics who accuse Lewes of having thwarted his wife's development include in their accusation the specific charge that he injured her style; but a fair-minded comparison of her earlier with her later works will prove the injustice of the assertion. George Eliot started in life with the worst style—or with the greatest lack of style—that ever hampered a writer of genius. The fact that the *Scenes of Clerical Life* and *Adam Bede* have the naturalness and spontaneity of manner characteristic of early successes has led to the assumption that they are better *written* than the later books. That this is not the case a hasty comparison will show. The *Scenes of Clerical Life* are related with a wearisome diffuseness, and the description of Milly's death-bed, though it appealed to the facile sentimentalism of the early Victorian public, is a poor performance compared with the death of Tom and Maggie Tulliver, or with the far more tragic episode of Lydgate's survival. George Eliot, in fact, as she advanced in the study of life, came to seek her pathos deeper, and to render it with more restraint, with less appeal to the superficial emotions but a far more poignant sense of the *lachrymæ rerum.*

In the matter of style, she showed an almost continuous development in the true direction of her talent; that is, in dialogue and characterisation. Compare the laboured and ineffective attempt to describe a fat man in the person of Mr. Casson (the innkeeper in *Adam Bede*) with the brief and masterly strokes which put before us such figures as Mr. Brooke, Dorothea, Sir James Chettam, Grandcourt and Mr. Gascoigne! *Middlemarch* abounds in vivid portraits drawn in half-a-dozen lines. Take that of Mr. Cadwallader, "a large man . . . very plain and rough in his exterior, but with that solid imperturbable ease and good-humour which is infectious, and, *like great grassy hills in the sunshine,* quiets even an irritated egotism" . . . or the briefer but even more vivid summary of Mr. Brooke: "Mr. Brooke's conclusions were as difficult to predict as the weather: it was only safe to say that he would act with benevolent intentions, and that he would spend as little money as possible in carrying them out."

Such phrases bring one face to face with the man; and as George Eliot grew in the power of sketching in her characters, of placing them before her readers, so she advanced in the ability to hold them there, to maintain the definiteness of the outline she had once indicated. Do we see any of the characters in *Adam Bede* as distinctly as Maggie Tulliver, Casaubon, Dorothea, Lydgate, Grandcourt or Gwendolen? Even Mr. Stephen admits that Mrs. Poyser is painted with "a little more of Goldsmith's beautifying touch than of Crabbe's uncompromising realism;" and spite of her aphoristic fireworks she is, in fact, less real, less *immediate* a presence than her successors, Mrs. Gleg and Mrs. Pullet or (in another sphere) Lady Chettam and Mrs. Cadwallader. When George Eliot wrote *Adam Bede* the veil of literature still hung between her eyes and life, her principal figures were the familiar marionettes of fiction, and only in the subordinate characters (where stock types were less available) did she show the direct grasp of reality that was to be a distinguishing mark of her matured talent.

Perhaps the gravest defect of George Eliot's novels is their cumbersome construction. This fault is less chargeable to the author than to the taste of her day. The greatest writers have made concessions (if unconsciously, yet inevitably) to the requirements of their public; and George Eliot was no exception to the rule. Unfortunately for the normal development of her art, she began to write at a time when the psychological novel, which (it should be remembered) preceded in England, as well as in France, the novel of incident, was disappearing before the story with a "plot"—the type of fiction wherein the adventure grows, not out of the development of character and the conflict of moral forces, but out of the recovery of a missing will or the concealment of somebody's parentage. The "story with a plot" is a perfectly legitimate branch of fiction. Life is sometimes governed by just such extraneous incidents;

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and though their record is intrinsically less interesting than the drama of character and circumstances, no one needs to be reminded of the brilliant use to which such material has been put by novelists like Dumas, Defoe and Stevenson. The explanation of their success is that the incidental, external side of life was the side they naturally saw; and that, beholding life as a succession of outward accidents and mechanical complications, they rendered it with the truth of direct vision. George Eliot did not see life thus. To her it was a drama of the soul, a battle of spiritual forces; and the endeavour to reconcile this study of moral crises with the popular demand for a plot, resulted as grotesquely as might the attempt of a portrait-painter to reproduce the inner economy as well as the physical exterior of his sitters. The world of incidents and the world of emotions do, indeed, overlap and react on each other; but only to some myriad-minded seer is it given to behold and report life "in the round," as it were: the greatest among the less great can seize but one angle of the complex vision.

In George Eliot's case the fusion of the external and the emotional was peculiarly unsuccessful: her plots are as easily detachable from her books as dead branches from a living tree. It is, therefore, perplexing to note that, as she advanced in insight and mastery, these plots became more complicate and obstructive. The evolution of *Adam Bede, Silas Marner* and *The Mill on the Floss* is simple and natural, compared with that of *Middlemarch, Felix Holt* or *Daniel Deronda;* and this fact partially justifies the critics who maintain the superiority of her early work. It was, in truth, more homogeneous; but what her later books lost in structural unity they gained in penetration, irony and poignancy of emotion: an exchange almost purely advantageous in the case of an author whose psychological insight so far surpassed her constructive talent.

It remains to be asked why, as her powers developed, her weaknesses increased; why she sacrificed more to convention in her later than in her earlier books; why the novels of her maturity are her worst as well as her greatest. The answer must probably be sought in her personal situation. From her letters, and from the few published records of her life, one gathers that she was above all else a moralist. Her ethical sensibilities were peculiarly acute: she vibrated to *nuances* of conduct as an artist vibrates to subtleties of line and colour. She was, moreover, what might be called a conservative in ethics. She felt no call to found a new school of morals. A deep reverence for the family ties, for the sanctities of tradition, the claims of slowly acquired convictions and slowly formed precedents, is revealed in every page of her books. In *The Mill on the Floss,* when Maggie parts from Stephen, the burden of her cry is, "I cannot take a good for myself that has been wrung out of their misery . . . it would rend me away from all that my past life has made dear and holy to me" . . . and her first instinct is, not to fly from the scene of her grief and humiliation, but to return to it, and reknit again, at whatever cost of personal anguish, the ties which a moment of passion had so nearly severed. This faithfulness to inherited or accepted duty is, in fact, the keynote of George Eliot's teaching. The stern daughter of the voice of God stands ever at the side of Romola and Dorothea, of Lydgate and Maggie, and lifts even Mr. Farebrother and poor Gwendolen to heights of momentary heroism.

All George Eliot's noblest characters shrink with a peculiar dread from any personal happiness acquired at the cost of the social organism; yet her own happiness was acquired at such cost. That she felt herself justified by special circumstances her letters assert, and those who knew her best have repeatedly affirmed. She wrote, in a moment of profound insight, that "the great problem of the shifting relation between passion and duty is clear to no man who is capable of apprehending it;" but she never ceased to revere the law she had transgressed, and her later books proclaim with a passionate reiterance the truth of Goethe's words:

Ein guter Mensch in seinem dunkeln Drange
Ist sich des rechten Weges wohl bewusst.

This reiterance may help to explain the course of her literary evolution. If her life in London was at first a moral and intellectual liberation, a setting-free of unsuspected activities of heart and brain, it came to be, from the nature of circum-

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stances, as narrowing, as restricting as her early existence in Coventry. She may have been satisfied that her own course was defensible; but, to all appearances, it was an open contradiction of her teachings, and the seeming inconsistency must have tortured her as social disapproval would have tortured an inferior nature. Pride, and the inability to justify herself to the world, drove her into seclusion, and, unconsciously, perhaps, she began to use her books as a vehicle of rehabilitation, a means, not of defending her own course, but of proclaiming, with increasing urgency and emphasis, her allegiance to the law she appeared to have violated. Some such unconscious attempt at readjustment seems at least to explain the strange deflection of her talent; and it is, perhaps, not a paradox to say that if George Eliot had been what the parish calls "respectable," her books would have been a less continuous hymn to respectability.

Their increasing seriousness, the greater prominence of the moral issue, may have suggested the need of propitiating her readers by a corresponding development of plot; and from this need the complicated machinery of *Middlemarch* and *Daniel Deronda* may have originated. Certainly, from one cause or another, her novels, as they gained in psychological truth, in depth of sympathy, in power of characterisation, lost in breadth of vision, narrowing as they grew deeper. This, again, seems explicable when the artificial conditions of her life are considered. Her growing preoccupation with moral problems coincided with an almost complete withdrawal from ordinary contact with life. She retired from the world a sensitive, passionate, receptive, responsive woman; she returned to it a literary celebrity; and in the interval ossification had set in. Her normal relations with the world ceased when she left England with Lewes. All that one reads of her carefully sheltered existence after she had become famous shows how completely she had cut herself off from her natural sources of inspiration. It is idle to lay down any general rule as to the necessary relation between the creative imagination and its surroundings; but it may at least be said that the novelist of manners needs a clear eye and a normal range of vision to keep his picture in perspective; and the loss of perspective is the central defect of George Eliot's later books.

Edith Wharton.

"AND YET——"

A boy there was, and the woman he loved
  Was just beyond his reach;
He'd never touched her hand ungloved
  Nor dared his lips to teach
The words his heart from day to day
Were prompting him to say.

And now that he was far away,
  He sang his kindling song;
The strains were mingled sad and gay,
  But spoke his passion strong.
To bide what she would say he strove;
His love in absence throve.

"I cannot give you love for love—
  That my heart another owes:
For you and me it's not quite—love;
  And yet, some day, who knows?—"
'Twere well, perhaps, had she said less:
'Twas neither No nor Yes.

If No, he might with time forget,
But now he lives on that "And yet—"

Alison M. Lederer.

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SEVEN NOVELS OF SOME IMPORTANCE

I.

CONAN DOYLE'S "THE HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES."*

A page at the beginning of *The Hound of the Baskervilles* contains the following note:

MY DEAR ROBINSON:

It was your account of a West Country legend which first suggested the idea of this little tale to my mind.

For this, and for the help which you gave me in its evolution, all thanks.

Yours most truly,

A. CONAN DOYLE.

When the subject of this story was first discussed in literary and publishing circles in London there prevailed the idea that Mr. Fletcher Robinson had in hand a story to which Dr. Doyle was lending some assistance, his name, and the character of Sherlock Holmes. A little later it was being said that Dr. Doyle and Mr. Robinson were in collaboration on this new Sherlock Holmes story. Finally the first instalment of the tale itself appeared as being the work of Dr. Doyle alone. Allusion to Mr. Fletcher Robinson was made only in a foot-note, in which the reputed writer courteously, but rather vaguely, thanked Mr. Robinson for one or two hints and suggestions that had been of some value to him in the writing of the story. Just what the meaning of all this was, just how much Mr. Robinson did contribute to the inception and the working out of *The Hound of the Baskervilles,* the reviewer is neither inclined nor prepared to say. Only there is in this book much that is materially different from the former work of Dr. Doyle in his detective stories, and the methods of Sherlock Holmes here are not entirely the methods of the astute, intellectual reasoner who ran Jefferson Hope to earth in *The Study in Scarlet,* and who by his systematic study of the records of Lloyds was able to connect the voyages of the *Lone Star* and the crimes of the Ku-Klux-Klan in *The Five Orange Pips.*

Although there is no intention here of telling the story of *The Hound of the Baskervilles,* it is necessary, in order to contrast the old methods of Sherlock Holmes with the new, to say something about those opening chapters in which the mystery is built up to arouse and baulk the curiosity of the reader. In a scene which is marred by a good deal of the byplay of the science of deduction in its worst form—a scene which seems to have been introduced for the purpose of proving to you rather defiantly that it is really the Sherlock Holmes of old—Holmes and Dr. Watson are shown talking together in their rooms in Upper Baker Street. There enters a certain Dr. Mortimer, a West Country practitioner. He is seeking the counsel of the great detective on a matter that is strange and delicate, and he begins his story by referring to the recent death of Sir Charles Baskerville, the head of the well-known North Devon family of Baskervilles, a man of great wealth and charity, whom the narrator has known well both personally and professionally. Sir Charles's death had been a peculiar one. He had gone out from Baskerville Hall late one night to walk up and down the Yew Alley, and it was at the end of this alley that his dead body was found some hours later. A drunken horse-dealer, who had been passing across the moor that night, had declared that he had heard cries, and there were several other attendant suspicious circumstances. A point that was afterward of use to Sherlock Holmes was that Sir Charles's footsteps "altered their character from the time that he passed the moor gate, and that he appeared from thence onward to have been walking upon his toes." But there were no signs of violence, and the coroner's jury had decided that death was the result of some long-standing organic disease. Such were the facts as known to Dr. Mortimer. He then took up the telling of that weird and uncanny legend of a remote day—the legend of the Hound of the Baskervilles—to which the story owes its fascination and its horror.

Back somewhere in the seventeenth century there had been a Sir Hugo Baskerville, the wildest and cruelest and most evil of all who had borne the Baskerville name. One Michaelmas, in com-

*The Hound of the Baskervilles. By A. Conan Doyle. New York: McClure, Phillips and Company.

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pany with five or six of his dissolute companions, he carried off the daughter of a neighbouring yeoman, and having brought her to Baskerville Hall, placed her in an upper chamber, while Hugo and his friends sat down to their nightly carouse. The maid, driven mad with fear at the sound of the oaths and shouting, escaped from her window by the aid of the growth of ivy, and started homeward across the moor. When Hugo learned of her flight, he became like one possessed of a devil, and swore that he would render that very night his body and soul to the Powers of Evil if he might overtake her. Then rushing from the room, he loosed his hounds, gave them the scent, and followed them himself on horseback. His comrades, starting in pursuit, soon came upon a shepherd crazed with fear who had indeed seen the unhappy maiden with the hounds upon her track. "But I have seen more than that," said he, "for Hugo Baskerville passed me on his black mare, and there ran mute behind him such a hound of hell as God forbid should ever be at my heels." The drunken squires cursed the shepherd and rode onward; but soon there came across the moor Sir Hugo's mare with trailing bridle and empty saddle. A great fear came over the revellers; they huddled close together, and it was only the three boldest who rode forward.

The moon was shining bright upon the clearing, and there in the centre lay the unhappy maid where she had fallen, dead of fear and of fatigue. But it was not the sight of her body, nor yet was it that of the body of Hugo Baskerville lying near her, which raised the hair upon the heads of these three dare-devil roysterers, but it was that, standing over Hugo, and plucking at his throat, there stood a foul thing, a great, black beast, shaped like a hound, yet larger than any hound that ever mortal eye has rested upon. And even as they looked, the thing tore the throat out of Hugo Baskerville, on which, as it turned its blazing eyes and dripping jaws upon them, the three shrieked with fear and rode for dear life, still screaming, across the moor. One, it is said, died that very night of what he had seen, and the other twain were but broken men for the rest of their days.

Such was the legend of the Baskervilles, a wild tale preserved through the years by the peasantry of the moors, and given a peculiar horror by the wild nature of the country, and above all by the many strange and sometimes inexplicable form in which death had overtaken successive generations of the Baskervilles. The legend had come to prey upon the mind of each successive head of the house; on Sir Charles's mind it had so preyed as to strain his nervous system almost to the breaking point. He would not venture out upon the moor at night, and in countless conversations with his friend and medical adviser spoke of being constantly haunted by the idea of some ghastly presence. It was this that led Mortimer, after the death, to supplement the investigations of the local officials. The latter had found no footprints but those of Sir Charles; Mortimer had found others—the footprint of a gigantic hound.

It is from this narrative, told by Dr. Mortimer, combining as it does the supernatural and the real, that Sherlock Holmes begins his work. From that point until the tale begins to draw near its close, the reader is constantly confronted by some new false clue or some seemingly inexplicable episode. Sir Charles had been himself childless and the eldest of three brothers. It is to the son of the second brother that the estate and wealth descends. The third brother, Roger Baskerville, was the black sheep of the family. He was obliged to leave England, and died in Central America. Thus briefly are we told of the family affairs, which begin to have importance only when the story is nearing its conclusion. The heir, young Sir Henry Baskerville, has been years away from home, farming in Canada. Recalled to England after the death of his uncle, he reaches London the day of Dr. Mortimer's consultation with Sherlock Holmes. Soon after his arrivel several curious little things happen to him. One of his shoes, a new one, is stolen from his room at the hotel; then returned, and an old one purloined in its place. Holmes and Watson follow him at a distance, and find that he is being shadowed by a black-bearded man in a hansom cab. A mysterious message is sent him, warning him if he values his life and his reason to keep away from the moor. In the treatment of this letter Dr. Doyle has shown us Sherlock Holmes at his very

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best—that Holmes whose deductions not only astound but convince. The message of warning has been formed by the expedient of pasting printed words upon a half sheet of foolscap paper. To be exact, it runs: "As you value your life or your reason, keep away from the moor." The word moor only was printed in ink. Holmes looks at it attentively, and then after a word or two to Mortimer and Sir Henry, turns to Watson, and asks for a copy of the *Times* of the day before.

"It is here in the corner."

"Might I trouble you for it, the inside page, please, with the leading articles?" He glanced swiftly over it, running his eyes up and down the columns. "Capital article this on free trade. Permit me to give you an extract from it: 'You may be cajoled into imagining that your own special trade or your own industry will be encouraged by a protective tariff, but it stands to reason that such legislation must, in the long run, keep away wealth from the country, diminish the value of our imports, and

DR. DOYLE AT WORK.

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lower the general conditions of life in this island.' What do you think of that, Watson?" cried Holmes, in high glee, rubbing his hands together with satisfaction. "Don't you think that is an admirable sentiment?"

Dr. Mortimer looked at Holmes with an air of professional interest, and Sir Henry Baskerville turned a pair of puzzled, dark eyes upon me.

"I don't know much about the tariff and things of that kind," said he; "but it seems to me that we've got a bit off the trail so far as that note was concerned."

"On the contrary, I think we are particularly hot upon the trail, Sir Henry. Watson here knows more about my methods than you do, but I fear that even he has not quite grasped the significance."

"No; I confess that I see no connection."

"And yet, my dear Watson, there is so very close a connection that the one is extracted out of the other. 'You,' 'your,' 'your,' 'life,' 'reason,' 'value,' 'keep away,' 'from the.' Don't you see now whence these words have been taken? If any possible doubt remains, it is settled by the fact that 'keep away' and 'from the' are cut out in one piece."

Here we have a touch of the old Sherlock Holmes of his best days. Ability to distinguish the type of one great newspaper from that of another would undoubtedly be one of Holmes's professional qualifications. It is all very striking and very plausible. At other times, however, the Holmes of this story is not nearly so happy.

In fact, throughout the greater part of the tale, Holmes is but a comparatively small factor. He is baulked in London by the cunning of the black-bearded man in the hansom cab, who recognises him and sends back a derisive message. Not one of his schemes results in any practical success. The narrative shifts from London to North Devon. Watson goes to Baskerville Hall with Sir Henry as a sort of personal guard, and also to describe what is going in weekly letters to Holmes, who remains in London. Mystery is piled on to mystery. False clues are introduced at every turn. A most dangerous convict escaped, and, hiding on the moor, heightens the horror of the situation. When one read this story in its serial form there was something picturesque and thrilling in the very absence and silence of Holmes. To the reader, as to Watson, everything is vague, dark, inexplicable; we feel that it is Holmes in London who is picking up thread after thread, searching among musty archives for certain odds and ends of social history that shall elucidate it all, and rivet the incongruous links into a complete chain. This impression was admirably maintained throughout the greater part of the tale; but when Holmes actually does appear, our belief in his infallibility and in his resemblance to the Holmes of Dr. Doyle's earlier stories is severely shaken. He has done practically nothing, and whatever acumen has been shown has been on the part of phlegmatic, stolid Watson. Even at the end of the narrative itself, at the supreme moment for which all had been waiting, we find that he has only partially guessed; and in that last chapter in which he endeavours to trace for Watson the chain of reasoning by which he reached the heart of the mystery, his explanations are woefully unsatisfactory and insufficient. As a story of mystery and horror, *The Hound of the Baskervilles* is a success; for Sherlock Holmes, the Master of the Science of Deduction, whose creator has proclaimed him the peer of Dupin and of Lecoq, it is a *débâcle*.

Arthur Bartlett Maurice.

II.

Gertrude Atherton's "The Conqueror."*

As is indicated by the title, this book is not a biography. The sub-title conveys the information that it is "the true and romantic story" of that astonishingly precocious and great statesman. In her prefatory explanation, Mrs. Atherton says that her original intention was to write a biography in a more flexible manner than is customary, "but without impinging on the territory of fiction." The "instinct of the novelist proved too strong," however. The romantic character of Hamilton's life excited Mrs.

*The Conqueror. Being the True and Romantic Story of Alexander Hamilton. By Gertrude Franklin Atherton. New York: The Macmillan Company.

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Atherton's imagination, and she was impelled to "throw the graces of fiction over the sharp, hard facts that historians have labouriously gathered."

Mrs. Atherton has, indeed, given free rein to her fancy. The result is something that might be called a biographical rhapsody, something that mere history could never give us. It is always hazardous to make a great historical personage the hero of a romance. The fact and the fiction are likely to stand out in too violent contrast to produce a harmonious, artistic whole. This contrast is irritatingly prominent in Mrs. Atherton's story.

Assuredly, it requires a certain amount of intellectual courage to put words in the mouth of a supremely great man or thoughts in his head. Mrs. Atherton has the courage. She does not hesitate to show us Hamilton thinking in stage whispers. Thus, for example, he soliloquizes in one of what Mrs. Atherton calls his "cosmic moments":

> "I am nothing but a genius, encased in such human form as would best serve its purpose; an atom of the vast creative Being beyond the Universe, loaned for an infinitesimal part of time to the excrescence calling itself the United States of North America, on the dot called Earth. Now the part is played, and I am to be withdrawn. That my human heart is torn with insupportable anguish matters not at all. I leave that behind."

Mrs. Atherton worships the hero of her story. She sees no faults in him, condones his lapses in morals—was he not a genius and a patrician?—and sees little or nothing to commend in any one that ever opposed him in public life. On her stage Hamilton stands far in the limelight, while in the shadows slinks Jefferson, a mean-spirited, cowardly plebeian, followed by a worthless rabble, while the Father of his Country, for whose intellectual capacity Mrs. Atherton appears to entertain relatively little respect, stalks about as a solemn super.

That the book is entertaining is due, in part, to the subject, which is one of unfailing interest. Those who prefer their history diluted will enjoy *The Conqueror* more than the real biography of Hamilton that Mrs. Atherton promises to write some time hence.

Walter Strong Edwards.

III.

Frank R. Stockton's "Kate Bonnet."*

I think it may be stated with a very reasonable degree of certainty that just such another story as *Kate Bonnet* has never been offered to a novel-reading public, and it is equally certain that no writer other than Frank R. Stockton could have offered this. In its four hundred-odd pages we find all the properties of the most approved colonio-historical romance. There are errant maidens and young men still more errant. There are pirates galore, gentle and otherwise, with the historic Blackbeard as the centre of their particular group. We hear the roar of carronades, the clash of cutlasses and the whispers of love: in truth, we revel in a very paradise of blood and kisses. What more can you ask? While under and over and through it all runs that peculiar vein of extra dry humour which Mr. Stockton has evolved and monopolises so gracefully.

As you may fairly infer from this summary, it is idle to deny that there are many and marked incongruities in the make-up of the yarn. At one moment you are settling yourself down in the belief that the author is seriously bent upon setting before you the real thing in the Johnston-Churchill-Ford line; but you realise appreciatively that for Mr. Stockton to do this thing without purveying a dry smile now and then (one does not exactly laugh at Stocktonesque humour) would be a mental and temperamental impossibility. Then, as you read on, an under thought begins to disturb the serenity of your satisfaction. It begins to dawn upon you that the whole thing may be a monstrous guy after all; that possibly—more than possibly—the author of *Rudder Grange* and of the immortal *Mrs. Lex and Mrs. Aleshine* is having, in his own peculiar way, the very best kind of good-natured fun with Churchill and Ford and Miss Johnston, not to mention yourself and all the other gentle readers who batten nowadays on lace ruffles and lively fiction with a little ancestral worship thrown in to keep up the celestial tone of the thing. It begins to dawn upon you, I say, but you are not quite sure, and

*Kate Bonnet. By Frank R. Stockton. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

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I very much doubt whether you ever will be, no matter how long and how deeply you ponder over the question. It is truly the problem of *The Lady or the Tiger* over again in different form.

As for the characters, most of them are surely in the joke, whether there be one or no, and whomsoever it be on; and they go rollicking through their parts, be these tender or bloody, with their noses buried suspiciously in their sleeves. Captain Bonnet and Ben Greenway are distinctly opera-bouffe heroes from cover to cover: Dickery is never far astern; while Blackbeard, that most bizarre and violent and playful of cut-throats, is not he, too, laughing at us when he orders Ben Greenway, the most conscientious of Presbyterian Scots, to proceed at once to convert him from his evil ways, and announces his intention of seeking his long-deserted home and family in England, becoming a peaceful country gentleman or thereabouts, and marrying Dickery, willy-nilly, to the brawny Eliza? The interview between this match-making rover of the sea and his victim is one of the most delicious bits of Stocktoniana in the book. And yet, in order to realise the peculiar difficulty of summarising such a tale as this, it must be understood that there are not lacking in it truly charming little scenes—as charming as either life can show or fiction portray. Such an one is that where Kate, having just heard of Captain Bonnet's death and of—but I read stories myself once in a while, and I hate reviewers who tell conclusions, as all good authors and publishers and readers should hate such inconsiderate gentry. As for *Kate Bonnet,* I am assuming that you will read the book, if only to prove you can discover what Mr. Stockton means by it all, and thereby show yourselves better Sherlock Holmes than I am or than I think you are. This will not be an irksome task; quite the reverse; for it is written in its author's own clever, simple style; while, as for matter, there is nothing whatever to prevent the several readers who like stories of adventure or love or humour—or the problem novel, forsooth—from finding here just the food for their several tastes and going hence sad, glad, smiling broadly or pondering deeply in precisely such measure as they please.

Duffield Osborne.

IV.

Justin McCarthy's "If I Were King."*

To every one who has ever considered the writing of an original play or the dramatisation of a popular novel, this book should convey an excellent lesson. Here you will find the atmosphere of the real romance, which is not the romance of the historical novel of the last few years, an artificial romance laboriously constructed along the conventional lines of sword chopping, trap doors and verbal anachronisms, but something which is of itself elusive and fantastic and charming, and which stirs the mind and calls back the memory of half-forgotten dreams.

> Alas! for lovers pair by pair,
> The Wind has blown them all away:
> The young and yare, the fond and fair:
> Where are the Snows of Yesterday?

An accomplished playwright wrote a play that was in itself almost brilliant. This play has been done into a book. In making the transformation, Justin McCarthy was wise in his realisation of his limitations as a novelist; he brought in as little extraneous matter as possible, contenting himself simply with running the lines and action of the play into a certain narrative form. The result was curious, but successful. Take up the volume and you are not reading a book; you are mentally seeing the play itself. The plot grows out of a merry prank of King Louis XI. That monarch here is made in the image of the Louis of Scott's *Quentin Durward,* a figure which historians tell us was in every way unlike the real king, but one which in its shrewdness, its sardonic humour, will long outlive the real personage of history. At the opening of the tale France lies almost prostrate before her foes. Paris is beleaguered by the Burgundians. The king is endeavouring to meet force by craft, and, as is supposed to have been his habit, spending his nights roaming in disguise about the streets of Paris in order to learn the real sentiments of his subjects. One of these excursions takes him to the Fircone Tavern, where François Villon and his brawling, thieving associates are revelling. Careless of the pres-

*If I Were King. By Justin McCarthy. New York: R. H. Russell.

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ence of the apparent burgess and his companion in the corner, the ruffianly crew fling their gibes at the king, deplore the sorrows of the realm, and tell of the great things that would happen if a man—"if Villon were the King of France."

We want a chief to bear the brand,
And bid the damned Burgundians dance;
God! Where the Oriflamme should stand
If Villon were the King of France!

It is at this moment that there is born in King Louis's mind the weird idea of giving to the unkempt poet the powers of a king for the space of a week, and then hanging him, and out of this resolve grow the complications of the play. On the stage, *If I Were King* won a well-deserved triumph; as a story it is at least a success.

F. L. Onslow.

V.

Ellen Glasgow's "The Battle Ground."*

Of the many novels dealing with the period of the Civil War that have been written during the last few years, only two or three, at most, really represented what the people living through this acute and momentous condition of things were feeling and experiencing. In some books of this class we had merely a love-story, with a lurid setting for its scenes; a kind of campaigner's diary, setting forth with sincere interest intricate military movements, the whole breathing of "villainous saltpetre," was offered in others; and, again, we had attempts, praiseworthy, but uninspired, to reproduce some great fragment of the drama, with portraits of Lincoln, Grant, Lee, Stonewall Jackson, drawn to the life. Nearly all proved unsatisfactory because of the failure to relate simply and faithfully the experience of some one person, or group of persons, when the war came, and strangely altered the ordinary aspect of life.

In reading *The Battle Ground,* one observes, almost from the beginning, that here is something new and different from the common run of novels, fire-eating, ponderous, or simply mediocre, as the case may be, dealing with the same general subject. Things and characters are brought in simply and naturally, without that familiar, ominous rasp of the author's pen down the pages of half a dozen chapters, to put the reader into the proper attitude toward the events and scenes to come. Without affectation or flourish, Miss Glasgow introduces us at once to the life of a typical neighbourhood of Virginia gentlemen and ladies, with their beautiful plantation homes, the high-living notions and refinement, some time in the years just preceding the war. One thing happens after another with as much apparent lack of continuity as in real life, and the development of the story makes its way by means of just the causes and consequences that are found in real life. The result is that Miss Glasgow's delicate and discriminating powers of observation and of expression finally work in us a sense of novel and enlightening experience; we know what happened at Chericoke, where the master of Uplands, Major Lightfoot, Betty, Dan, Champe, not to mention Big Abel, Rainy-day Jones, and all the other interesting personages of the countryside, lived and flourished, quite as well as though we had seen the events take place; and we know these people, too, quite as familiarly and comprehensively as we know our own near neighbours and friends.

This is remarkable; the book is remarkable, both for its pervading charm and for its essential truth in detail. It has the defect of diffuseness; hardly any other fault, on the whole; although it must be said that the portion of the novel relating how the "merry gentlemen" fought on the battlefield, and how they bore the hardships of the campaign, is not so interesting as that devoted to the doings at Chericoke; because there is too much of it.

This is to be forgiven an author, certainly, who gains so much strength from her power of observation generally. All is set down that happened in the Major's dining-room at Chericoke that Christmas Eve of delightful memory, and the chapter is as admirable a description of a Christmas dinner in the old South as could well be written.

The door swung back with a jerk upon the big kitchen where, before the Christmas turkeys toasting on the spit, Aunt Rhody was striding to and fro like an Amazon in charcoal. . . .

*The Battle Ground. By Ellen Glasgow. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company. $1.50.

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"I'se done stuff dat ar pig so full er chestnuts dat he's fitten ter bus'," she exclaimed proudly. "Lawd, Lawd, hit's a pity he ain' 'live again ter tase hese'f!"

"Poor little pig," said Betty, "he looks so small and pink, Aunt Rhody, I don't see how you have the heart to roast him."

"I'se done stuff 'im full," returned Aunt Rhody, in justification.

The negroes in the book are done with a sense of humour, which is both keen and quick to understand them for what they are. The relationship sometimes obtaining between one of the lords of the soil and the representatives of the child-like race is expressed in the conversation occurring the night there had been a discussion in the Governor's library, and the old gentleman took his leave in such rage at the abolition sentiments he had heard that he could scarce see the way to his coach. Congo, the driver, was obliged to lift him bodily into his seat.

"Dis ain' no way ter do, Ole Marster," said the negro, reproachfully. "How I gwine teck cyar you like Ole Miss done tole me' we'n you let yo' bile git ter yo' haid like dis? 'Tain' no way ter do, suh."

The major wiped his eyes on the end of the neckerchief as he tied it about his throat. "But if they elect their President, he may send down an army to free you," he went on, with something like a sob of anger, "and I'd like to know what we'd do then, Congo."

"Lawd, Lawd, suh," said Congo, . . . "don' you min', Ole Marster, we'll des loose de dawgs on 'em, dat's w'at we'll do."

But it will do this excellent novel nothing but disservice to quote passages from it at random; it is a book to be read as a whole, and to be enjoyed by almost every one, because of its sincerity and charm.

Carl Hovey.

VI.

Mr. Hopkins's "The Fighting Bishop."*

The Fighting Bishop is a pleasant story to write about. It does not call for superlatives, to be sure, but it does call for an honest word of commendation. It has a certain rugged strength, typical of the period and the people it presents. It is original in that it has neither hero nor heroine, and that the story is built about the personality of a bishop of the Church Militant, "in whose presence a doubt concerning the validity of the Anglican position became an impertience." His severity in his family drives three of his sons from home, and his advocacy of slavery antagonises friends as well as foes. But in spite of his faults, the bishop is a big man and a dominating force. The story touches upon the period in our nation's history always vitally interesting, the nineteenth century in the fifties and early sixties. Mr. Hopkins does not go very deep into the war itself, but he shows the spirit of the times. He shifts his scenes back and forth between Toledo and New York City, the former being the home of the bishop, and the latter being the city to which his sons flee when the rigid discipline of the home life bears too heavily upon them. The bishop's sons are many, and must have taxed the author's ingenuity at times. There is one, a priest, outwardly ascetic, but often inwardly fighting with the demons of the flesh; another, a reckless ne'er-do-well, who has wallowed in the mire, married unhappily and died tragically; and another whose vanity is colossal and whose genius is streaked with madness. There are other sons, but these are sufficient to mention here. Mr. Hopkins has fought rather shy of women, although in the character of Anna there is evidence of a certain understanding of the feline qualities of woman.

After the book has been laid aside, and the draft riots, the forest fire, the death agony on the battlefield, have been forgotten, the memory of one scene will remain in the mind of the present reviewer. It is the picturesque account of one of the hospital wards in Washington where Walt Whitman is a ministering angel to the suffering and homesick patients. In his great love for the brotherhood of man he is the antithesis of the bishop.

His fresh pink skin suggested a recent bath, and his loose, ill-fitting clothes were perfectly clean. There was a sprig of green in the lapel of his coat. He spoke to no man of his sins, but appealed to their affections, their hopes of recovery, and their longing for home.

*The Fighting Bishop. By Herbert Müller Hopkins. Indianapolis: The Bowen-Merrill Company.

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He dips into the basket on his arm, filled with gifts of flowers and fruits, to bring out a little yellow, fluffy ball of a chicken, which is passed along among the bearded men in the ward "amid laughter and jokes that were near to tears." There is something peculiarly homely and life-like in this, and Walt Whitman as a figure in fiction comes to one with all the freshness of novelty.

Flora Mai Holly.

VII.

MR. SEARS'S "NONE BUT THE BRAVE."*

In one way Mr. Sears has surprised us. He has written a story with a Revolutionary setting, and, strange to say, it is a novel which readers and reviewers alike will probably praise. For, after all, who is there who does not at heart enjoy now and then a stirring tale of brave men and fair women? Frankly, the present writer took up the book in an antagonistic mood. Visions of Janice Merediths, Richard Carvels, Tory lovers, and many others, floated before the mind. But all that was speedily dispelled. There are spies and intrigues and love-making and the clashing of swords at every turn, and the interest of the reader is never allowed to flag. One Merton Balfort, a Connecticut soldier, tells the story in the language of the period. He and two companions are chosen by Washington to go to New York City on a dangerous mission—to attempt the capture of Benedict Arnold. It is in the selection of New York as the scene of the most thrilling episodes in the story that Mr. Sears has been especially wise. One can almost see on the printed page the New York of a hundred-odd years ago—the New York of powder and patches and minuets, of gracious ladies and courtly gentlemen, on the one hand; of spies and treachery, poverty, disease, and Sugar House Prison, on the other. This is a side of the Revolutionary period which has not been worked to death, and which Mr. Sears has done well.

Of the love-story be it said simply that it is worthy of the book. What matters it, then, if we do not tell here of the mock marriage, which may be a marriage in earnest, and of the courage and the temper of Mistress Deborah? In *None But the Brave* Mr. Sears has written a successful book.

F. M. Mandeville.

*None But the Brave. By Hamblen Sears. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

THE SNAP-SHOT AND THE PSYCHOLOGICAL NOVEL

In looking over the pages of our weeklies of late, I have been struck by the queer attitudes in which certain men of the hour have been caught by the reporttorial camera. The President of the nation runs some risk of being handed down to future generations as an expert in standing upon one foot, a candidate for mayor seems to be obsessed by the desire to place one foot into his overcoat pocket, a sedate and impressive bishop looks for all the world as if indulging in a harmless game of hop-scotch.

The secret of these incredible antics is not that there has come to us any loss of national dignity, but merely that we have fallen under the sway of the snap-shot in journalism. However we may rub our eyes and demur, we are forced in the end to pin our faith upon the accuracy of the camera. We are brought before a realism so exact, so minute, that the organ of sight with which our Creator has endowed us is quite incapable of perceiving it. Great is the authority of Science! Any one to-day who refuses to believe that bishops and presidents really do go through such a succession of apparently futile hops and skips in their dignified progress on this earth would be laughed out of court. At best all that is left to us is resignation—possibly accompanied by side-long, skeptical glances into confronting mirrors.

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Science is not to be trifled with. The evidence of things unseen is admitted, and the human eye has become obsolete as an authority.

Well, let us reluctantly admit that the camera has come to stay, that its trail will continue to be over political conventions, races, candidates for office, multi-millionaires and other objects of curiosity; but does that mean that there may be no inner *sanctum sanctorum* on the door of which we may post a notice

NO KODAKERS ADMITTED?

Surely, as far advanced as we are in this enlightened, scientific age, we have not quite reached the point where a portrait painter would select this foot-in-the-pocket pose as one to hang upon the wall.

Indeed, the experiment has been tried. I remember attending some years ago a lecture by the well-known art critic, Mr. John Van Dyke, and hearing him criticise the art of the popular illustrator, Mr. Remington, as being obviously influenced by the snap-shot picture. The artist had evidently argued that as Science had revealed to a gaping public the true motions of a running horse, it was his bounden duty to draw all his running horses in future with their four legs inextricably doubled up under their bodies. The artist, with eyes glued to the negative (had he dared for an instant look at a real running horse his courage would have failed him!) succeeded in making a fairly accurate copy. What he did not succeed in, however, was in conveying to the onlooker the slightest idea of motion. Utterly futile was it for him to have the hair of his cavalrymen streaming out behind in the wind, their faces eagerly strained upon an imaginary fleeing Indian, when the flying steeds themselves had apparently no ambition beyond jumping straight up and down in the air in an effort (for which I cannot blame them) to disentangle their feet. The artist—whatever else he had done—had certainly failed to create upon the human eye the impression he had intended; therefore, as Art his canvas was a total failure. It was pretty certain that such an experiment would sooner or later have to be abandoned, for, after all, in the world of Art (glory be!) it is the eye and not the camera that distributes the medals and makes the purchases. And there we have the whole matter in a nutshell.

"But," asks the wondering reader, "what has all this to do with the psychological novel?" It has this much to do with it: I have long been harbouring a suspicion that certain novelists, having become discontented with the limitations of the human mind, as Mr. Remington became discontented with the limitations of the human eye, have armed themselves with a kodak in one hand, and—worse yet—an X-ray apparatus in the other, and are aiming those impertinent and prying instruments straight at the hearts and brains of their characters. They forget that, after all, the negative can be valuable only to the physician, the alienist, or the surgeon who is probing for a bullet. The humble and ignorant novel reader can only blink helplessly.

After all, it is pleasant to reflect that Realism pushed too far becomes less truthful than the wildest romancing. For we plain people do not go about our business with a kodak in one hand and an X-ray apparatus in the other. In our blundering fashion we perceive a fellow-being only as the sum or result of various motives, temptations and crossing impulses, just as we perceive his walk only as the sum or result of a series of incredibly rapid motions that cannot be seen with the naked eye. We really cannot concern ourselves too deeply with all that goes on within the human breast. We call a man a thief in this world of ours if he steals from us, even if his heart is filled with a passionate desire to be honest. And, obversely, we do not seek to restrict his liberty if he never takes what is not his, even if his heart is filled with a passionate desire to be dishonest. No man was ever hung for a well-hidden desire to kill another. No doubt there is a certain crudeness to all this, but Life does not possess the discriminating touch of Mr. Henry James.

Although pushed to-day to far greater extremes, it cannot be said that this prying and peeping of the novelist into the motives of his characters is entirely new. Did not the great literary dictator, Johnson, maintain that

> It is far greater to know how a watch is made than to be able to tell the hour by looking at the dial plate.

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and that, ergo, Richardson was a far greater novelist than Fielding? I should like to have been present and to have answered (but, doubtless, at one roll of his eyes and one see-saw of his great body, I should have suffered complete extinguishment!) "But, sir, if I desire to look at the dial plate in order to learn the time of day, of what use is it to me to be shewed the inner workings of the watch?"

We must sadly admit, even in the grown-up child, an uncanny desire to "see the wheels go round." We remember how George Eliot looked down a wee bit upon Charles Dickens for not revealing more of the motives of his characters. Having generously lent the authority of the great lexicographer to the enemy, now let me train his big gun to bear upon them:

"We may know facts in common life to be true," he says; "motives are generally unknown."

There we have the old fellow at his best—not trying to roar an assemblage into submission, but giving us some of his superb common sense. *Motives are generally unknown.*

To dissect the actions of one's hero into the thousand thousand struggling, crossing, contradictory impulses that lie at their base, is to do what an eighteenth-century critic complained was done by Jonathan Swift—it is to *mangle* human nature. A novelist at best has only a few hundred pages in which to tell his story, or reveal his characters, and if he were to attempt to stalk to its lair each and every passing impulse of each and every character, there would not be enough paper and printers' ink to go round. Or, at least, if I am mistaken in that, there would not be enough readers to make up a paltry fiftieth thousand.

All Art is ultimately selection—the artist, whether painter or novelist, must select the permanent, the characteristic, to be fixed by his brush or his pen. To frame a posture that has consumed a fiftieth part of a second, or to take five hundred words to describe an impulse that has consumed but a fraction of a breath, is alike to produce a picture inevitably out of focus. It is the apotheosis of the transient.

We read, for instance, in some novel of the heroine passing a mirror and thinking how beautiful she is, and how well that particular gown becomes her. Perhaps the author eases his conscience somewhat by inserting the words "swiftly thought," or, "a sudden impulse shot through her;" but it is useless, the damage is done. Henceforth the heroine is labelled in our eyes as a vain, frivolous, spoiled coquette; we are certain that the hero is throwing himself away upon her, and we refuse utterly to believe in the noble renunciation that takes place fifty pages onward! The deceitful hussy! She can't pull the wool over our eyes! The over-analytical author has made a mountain of characterisation out of a mole-hill of impulse. In real life, before three words could have been read, the fleeting exultation would have been routed out by the errand of mercy she was engaged in or the arrangement of the next day's *menu.* I do not believe in the beautiful woman—especially if particularly well gowned—who can pass a mirror (not on a wager) without throwing a mental kiss at herself. But, dear, dear, there is no use in growing excited over it—before the drop of ink has flowed from your pen, my dear sir, it is all over. Let us leave such minutiæ to the dry-as-dust psychologist who can afford to give over many pages of excellent white paper to penetrate through the mazes of the pleasure-and-pain theory of emotion, or some other equally fascinating theme that adds so materially to the gaiety of psychology. To him may it even be permitted to perform a trepanning operation, if he hopes thereby to throw light upon the convolutions of grey matter. His book, at least, will be bound in a good solid colour, and you can take it or leave it, as you will. It will not lure you into its depths under promise of an hour's self-forgetfulness.

Of course, I am writing myself down as hopelessly blunt, hopelessly incurious. I can fancy the pity with which an author would regard me—an author, for instance, as George Eliot was—were my words important enough to fall under the eyes of such. I am no better than the plodding inhabitant of *Middlemarch,* to whom Dorothea was but "a fine girl who married a sickly clergyman, old enough to be her father, and in little more than a year after his death gave up her estate to marry his cousin—young enough to have

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been his son, with no property and not well born." The readers of *Middlemarch,* having gone through a course of three stout volumes filled with "struggling impulses," were supposed to rise above a mere contemplation of the "determining acts of life." But, after all, "facts are stubborn things." It is about all we have in real life to go by, and I confess to a sneaking sympathy with those honest Middlemarchians.

As Barrie's "tall, slim girl in white" said to Tommy (how I wish she had said it instead with authority to the author!)

"The real me you cannot know at all."

Indeed, when we find a modern author compressing into five hundred and eight pages (with large type and generous spacing) the portrait of a hero who is frankly held up to be four men in one, in which the kodak and the X-ray apparatus are aimed successively at all four during all the most critical moments of his (I had almost said their) life, so that the result is a seething mass of motives and counter-motives, temptations and aspirations, the flesh and the devil, together with the spirit and the angel—then I am tempted to believe that to the novelist of a certain school the showing off of one's cleverness is really the object, and the painting of character but the pretence.

Annie Nathan Meyer.

ARTISTIC, LITERARY, AND BOHEMIAN LONDON IN THE SEVENTIES

III.

The summer of 1873, exceptional by reason of the fineness of its weather—the bright sun making the smoke-dried monuments and public buildings of "Lunnon town" seem strangely out of place, and as though they had been moved to another locality which they could not be said to adorn—was also memorable for two events which thrilled Saxon, Scot and Celt alike, welding them for the nonce into a homogeneous, if somewhat incongruous, nationality. I refer to the coming of Nasr-ed-Din, the Shah of Persia, and the Tichborne trial.

It was the Eastern monarch's own fault that, at the end of his visit, his hosts were even more ready to speed the parting guest than they had been to welcome him, which is saying a great deal; but, during the early part of his sojourn at least, he was a constant attraction, and afforded much diversion to the lieges as he moved about the streets laden down with diamonds and other precious stones, and resplendent in apparel of dazzling texture.

Among the outdoor amusements in which his Persian Highness took especial interest, and by which he may be said to have been absorbed, was the attractive and well-kept Zoölogical Gardens in Regent's Park. It was, and is, quite the "swagger thing" to visit them on Sunday afternoon, when they are closed to the general public but are open to visitors having a Fellow's order—an "open sesame" not difficult to obtain. As the Hepworth Dixons, the Maxwells (Mrs. Braddon), Joseph Hatton, the artists on Hampstead Heath, to say nothing of the Bohemian residents of Camden Town and Fitzroy Square, lived not far away, one could reasonably count on meeting a fair number of one's friends with their wives and families, arrayed in their Sunday best and with cheerful faces, on the first day of the week, as it was the fad to relegate (in appearance at least) *atra cura* very far to the rear. Thus, even Thackeray confesses: "If I have cares in my mind, I come to the Zoo and fancy they don't pass the gate. I recognise my friends, my enemies, in countless cages!"

While the Tichborne trial was not productive of the out-of-door manifestations that characterised the visit of the Shah, save when the popular and eccentric barrister, Dr. Kenealey, the Claimant's counsel, was recognised on going to or coming from court and compelled to acknowledge the plaudits of enthusiastic admirers, not only did the reading public of the metropolis devour the very full reports of the trial printed in the daily papers, but the entire literate population of England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales may be said to have been engaged in the

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same occupation. With a fresh installment of this *cause celèbre* with the coffee, toast and eggs for breakfast; the chance of meeting the Shah in the afternoon, not to mention the hundred-and-one gayeties of the regular season that claimed one's attention in the evening, the time of the London resident could not be said that summer to hang heavy on his hands.

A SATURDAY NIGHT DINNER AT THE SAVAGE CLUB, LONDON.

To trace the connection between literature and art and the Tichborne case might at the first blush seem difficult, but the difficulty is only apparent. Although I never heard that any of the Tichbornes aspired to literary or artistic fame, they are related through their cousins, the Doughtys (who figured largely in the trial), to one of the most interesting families in England. I refer to the Stothards, the best-known member of which is Thomas Stothard, who has been well called "The Father of English Illustration." As is well known, he was born in 1755 and died in 1834, leaving behind him 5000 designs, about 3000 of which were engraved. He was elected a member of the Royal Academy in 1794, and was chosen its librarian in 1813.

Of his sons, Charles Alfred, the antiquarian draughtsman, was the most prominent, although Alfred Joseph, medal engraver to the Crown under George IV. and William IV., and during that portion of Victoria's reign ending

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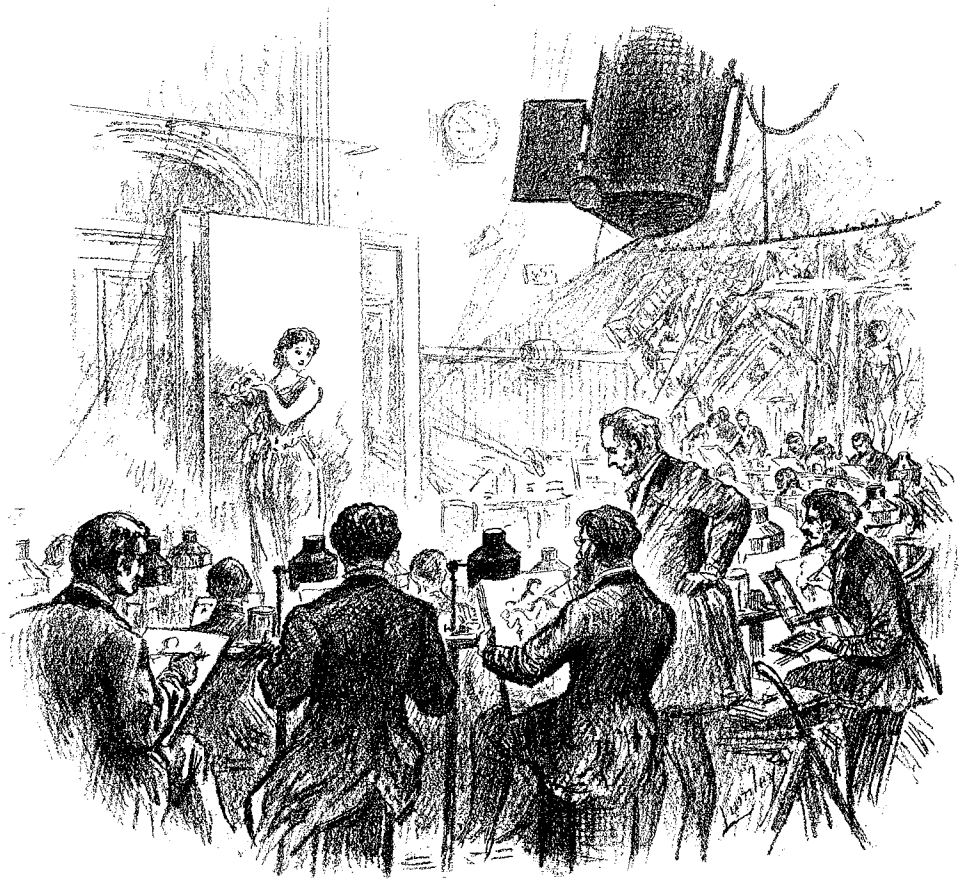
with the resignation of the Melbourne Ministry; and Robert Thomas, who, in 1834, before a Parliamentary Committee, first suggested a great international exhibition as a sure method of uplifting the masses—a suggestion acted upon seventeen years later in the construction of the Crystal Palace in Hyde Park, may also be mentioned.

A grandson of Thomas Stothard, and of his father. After marrying the Rev. E. A. Bray, a Devonshire vicar, she published several novels. During the life of Charles Alfred Stothard she accompanied him more than once to the Continent, and in 1820 visited the battlefield of Waterloo. Among the anecdotes of Napoleon which she found current in Flanders at that time, was one which I do not remember to have seen elsewhere.



AT THE LANGHAM CLUB, LONDON.

a son of Alfred Joseph, now resides in New York. He has made a specialty of scientific research, much of his time as a youth having been spent at the Royal Polytechnic Institute in Regent Street —founded in 1838 and closed in 1882— where he frequently assisted Dr. Bachhoffner, and the late Professor Pepper (the creator of the famous "Ghost") in their experiments.

The widow of Charles Alfred wrote her husband's *Memoirs* and a *Life*

It appears that the *maire* of a small rural commune had been notified that the Emperor would in a few days pass through his village. The *maire,* who chanced to be a very stupid fellow, resolved that he should be welcomed in a way in which no other *maire* had ever received him, and visions of gold snuff-boxes and other baubles that royal personages sometimes dispense on such occasions, began to float through his brain. The Emperor pleased, as pleased

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he was sure to be, the presentation to the *maire* of some valuable *cadeau* would follow as a matter of course.

The fateful day arrived, and the Victor of Marengo was punctual. The *maire*, dressed in a full-bottomed wig and his robes of office, with preternational solemnity and many genuflexions, approached and pronounced the following original couplet:

> L'Empereur n'a pas fait une méprise,
> Quand il a epousé Marie Louise!

intimating that his Majesty had made no mistake in wedding the fair Austrian *en second noces!*

Having delivered his lines, the credulous *maire* stood at "attention," awaiting his recompense. It came promptly. As he had dreamed, Napoleon produced the traditional golden *tabatière*, glittering with diamonds, but only to open it and dash the poor *maire's* hopes to the ground with this impromptu:

> Eh! bien! Monsieur, prenez donc une prise;
> Cela fera plaisir à Marie Louise!*

To return to literary London. It was my good fortune during the same summer of 1873, to receive an invitation to dine with Wilkie Collins. The popular novelist then occupied luxurious bachelor quarters near Portman Square. He was a most genial host, but could himself partake but sparingly of the delicate viands prepared for his guests, owing to an attack of gout that had settled in his eyes, his alcoholic beverages being limited to the dryest brands of champagne.

It was on this occasion that I first met Charles Reade. Among others invited were the Baroness Burdett-Coutts and Mr. Pigott, the Examiner of Plays. Mr. Reade manifested considerable interest in the then London correspondent of a New York daily, who, although an American, was living in considerable style *à l'Anglaise*. Indeed, his adoption of English ways and his lavish expenditure were the subject of general comment. While I could not account for the former, I suggested to Mr. Reade that the possession of a liberal father-in-law might explain the latter phenomenon.

In conversation over the walnuts and the wine, Mr. Collins put forth a strong plea in behalf of the dignity of the profession of story-telling, and quoted the Saviour's use of fiction to convey moral truths in its defence. The name of Charles Dickens having been mentioned, the author of the "Woman in White" related how, when travelling together, they had once been compelled to patronise an inn at Biddeford, in North Devonshire, where there was nothing to eat and the wines and spirits were not potable. In commenting afterward on their melancholy entertainment, Dickens declared that there was nothing in the house but "two tarts and a pair of snuffers." Mr. Collins also told what Dickens called his "American story," but without giving any hint as to its origin. It ran thus:

> "Did you ever see a snail, sir?" asked a traveller on a stage-coach of the driver.
> "Yes, sir."
> "Where did you meet him, sir?"
> "I didn't meet him, sir."
> "Wa'al, sir, I think you did, if you'll excuse me; for I'm d—d if you ever overtook him!"

It was a few days after the dinner at Wilkie Collins's that, in response to a cordial invitation, I called at Mr. Reade's modest residence in "London, S. W." At that time, owing to his eccentric habits, his very decided and freely-expressed opinions and his unusual points of view, he was one of the most talked-about literary men in town. Dressed, as a rule, in a rough suit of tweed, a stranger meeting him in the street would not have suspected his calling, but would have taken him for a farmer come to London on business or to see the sights. He lived at Albert Gate, Knightsbridge, where the street widens out at the beginning of the Brompton Road. The house was a small one, the garden in the rear running back to Hyde Park, whence one could look into Rotten Row. On the wall in front, Reade, having just had a bitter quarrel with his landlord, who, for some reason, wished to dispossess him, had had erected a signboard with the legend "Naboth's Vineyard" painted thereon. The letters were several feet in length, and the whole affair was the most conspicuous feature of the neighbourhood.

It happened that, on the day of my visit, Mr. Reade had received a not over-modest appeal from the young ladies of a "Female College" in Georgia, or Alabama (I

*Take, then, a pinch, monsieur, if you please; That will give pleasure to Marie Louise.

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forget which), where even the least pretentious boarding-schools have a way of blossoming out into "colleges" on the slightest pretext. On this occasion my fair countrywomen insisted that, as they were about inaugurating a library and reading-room, Mr. Reade could not do better than present them with a complete edition of his works. The distinguished novelist appeared to be much amused by the ingenuous audacity of the request, and commented on the belief prevailing in certain sections, that authors went about with complete editions in their pockets, ready to stand and deliver them on demand.

Mr. Reade, as was his wont with visitors, described his methods of work, and initiated me into the mysteries of his wonderful scrap-books, which were to him as the apple of his eye; but there was nothing especially noteworthy in the remainder of the interview, save that it emphasised the novelist's kindness of heart by the trouble he took in entertaining an entire stranger.

Poor Reade! The period to which I refer was about the last during his earthly career when he could be said to have enjoyed the delights of friendship, and even comparative freedom from annoyances largely self-caused. Soon the clouds began to gather, and his days ended in solitude and sorrow. Shortly after I called on him, he began to carry out his wild scheme of hiring theatres for the production of his plays, notably *Drink,* an adaptation of Zola's *L'Assommoir,* and making impossible rules for the guidance of his manager and his companies, with the only possible result—pecuniary loss! These disasters and the frequent lawsuits arising from his unfortunate litigious disposition, embittered the closing hours of his life, which were still further saddened by the death, in 1879, of Mrs. Seymour, his faithful actress-friend, who had made a home for one otherwise homeless, and to whom he was devotedly attached.

In this connection the following advertisement, which I clipped at the time (I do not remember the exact date) from the London *Daily Telegraph,* strikes a note of deep pathos:

PETS.—A gentleman in affliction desires to treat for a HARE, a Welsh lamb, with dark eyes, and any other beautiful and inoffensive quadruped of small size.—C. R., 19, Albert Gate, Knightsbridge.

It is pleasant to note that, after nearly a score of years have passed since his death, something like justice is being done to the memory of this gifted man. Of his *Cloister and the Hearth* Swinburne has said that it ranks "among the very greatest masterpieces of narrative," and, referring to the same work, a Twentieth-Century critic declares that, on comparing it with "the historical novels which have been sold lately by the hundreds of thousands," we cannot "fail to acknowledge and reverence the genius of its author."

THE HARPIST

Like shredded sunshine shot through forest tops,
The golden harp strings gleam and fade away;
And gracefully—as soaring birds at play,
And lightly—as the leaf of Autumn drops,
Or masterfully, as the North Wind sings,
Her dainty fingers sweep the trembling strings.
Sweet as the strains that sea and forest played
At Eden's dawn, the cadence swells, and long
Enthralled I follow through the realms of song,
Led by the lily fingers of a maid,
My kindled soul respondent to the speech
That frees the passion words can never reach.

Francis James MacBeath.

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THE POETS OF PRINTING HOUSE SQUARE

About five years ago, when the daily papers held out monetary inducements to poets, both born and made, a group of half a dozen *habitués* of Park Row supplied the demand. This little coterie is now dispersed in various directions. Some are editors, some editorial writers: some still free lances, but, with one or two exceptions, all have turned their attention to the more lucrative task of writing prose. Now and then, when an election is being contested, a holiday celebrated, or a fashionable function of national import held, some verses may be seen with one of the old names attached in the only high-class newspaper that admits such effusions; but what used to be the rule is honored now only in the breach. The days when "A Song of the Day" had to be handed in before nine o'clock to ensure its appearance in the evening papers is long since past. The editorial page is now made up the day before, and poetry is almost universally avoided. Some, perhaps all, of this sextet, remember that sad morning in February, 1897, when the fiat went forth that no more verse was to be accepted. It was the beginning of the end, and the editor of that particular periodical has a long account to settle with the ephemeral versifiers. Not that, honestly speaking, there was an abundance of merit in any of the productions. They were merely hack work, but hack work, which none the less filled for the time being the needy coffers. In those days the poets were in affluence. Remuneration was very generous, especially when the small amount of energy expended is taken into consideration. One of the poets at least confesses that he used to write his daily effort while going downtown on the cars. Another says that less than an hour a day was quite sufficient to turn out his verses, while all will admit that they looked on this portion of their daily labour as a mere side line. At the present moment the market for such commodities has practically disappeared in New York, and, as the years have rolled by, each one of the little band has chosen another sphere for his ability.

The dean of this little band of bards, and, it might be added, humorists (for their whole object was to hold up to kindly ridicule the events of the day), was R. K. Munkittrick, who is now the editor of *Judge*. Munkittrick's writings are known from Oregon to Maine. He has a style distinctly his own, and, though his peculiarities have often been copied, there is no gainsaying the fact that he is a past master in his particular line. Ruralities seem to appeal to him more than politics, and he is never so much at home as when polishing off at Mud Knob, as he calls his house, verses like these:

> The turkey neck so scrawny
> Within our vision veers
> To test the jaw that's brawny
> Before it disappears!
> It's far behind the giblets,
> Though beautiful to see,
> And so we smite our riblets
> In gustatory glee!

Munkittrick has a way of fitting a rhyme, when it would seem an absolute impossibility to ally one word with the other. To join "vermiform appendix" in a suitable rhyming association would, doubtless, be mere child's play to him, while it is not impossible that some day he will cope with "month" and "silver," and wed them to rhymes of which none has hitherto dreamed.

Albert Bigelow Paine follows closely in the footsteps of Munkittrick, with whom he was intimately connected, the two having an "office" together, where they turned out "poems," individually and in collaboration. It was Paine who referred to Park Row as "fame's eternal dumping ground," and conferred upon himself and associates the title of "The Poets of Printing House Square." The latter occurred as the caption, and refrain of a poem inscribed to Munkittrick, who replied to it the following week, and later almost every one of the "gang" had a "go" at it in one form or another. They had been Park Row scribblers up to that time, or "Park Roasters," as Munkittrick had dubbed them. Afterward they were poets—The Poets of Printing House Square. Far from having given up the idea that the path of poesy is not strewn with flowers, Paine's name may still be seen in the various magazines attached to verses that ought to do much to obliterate the memory of the rhymes contributed to

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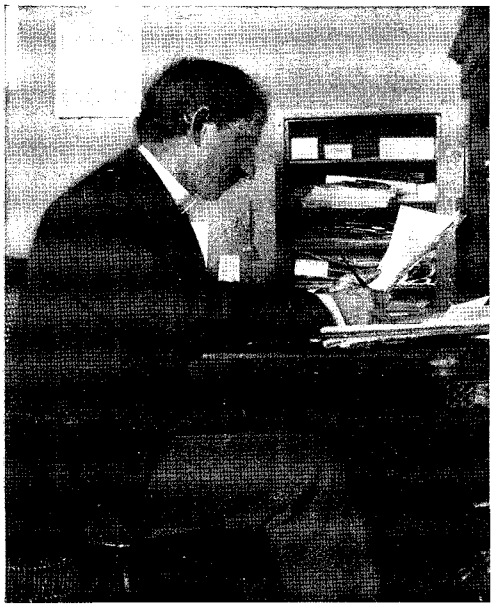

ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE AT HIS DESK IN THE OFFICE OF "ST. NICHOLAS."

the evening papers of half a dozen years ago. His apprenticeship stood him in good stead. Now on the staff of *St. Nicholas,* he can well afford to laugh at his former efforts, though no one looks back with kinder memories to the days when he was struggling for a recognised and more stable position.

Every journalist knows that the initials "A. G.," which were often subscribed to clever little apropos rhymes, stood for Arthur Grissom, who at the time of his death, a few months ago, was the editor of the *Smart Set.*

Grissom is missed. A little poem that he wrote, called "A Poet's Farewell," will serve as a fitting epilogue:

They say my muse has flown for aye,
And that my poet's day is done,
That I am but a "sinking sun,"
Who sang so sweetly yesterday.

My masters know. . . . Yea, it is o'er,
With broken heart I close the book,
Put by my pen with one last look,
And turn away to dream no more.

What now, beloved, remains unsaid?
One wish, perhaps, before the end—
That you will think of me as *friend,*
And call me fair, when I am dead!

Charles Battell Loomis, who is now known as a humorist, confesses to having deserted the fields of Helicon. "It is easier," he says, "to read poetry than write it." This is a pity, for Loomis had a knack of turning rhymes that struck the popular taste at once. In the way of nonsense verse, which was eagerly welcomed in the Sunday papers, he was prolific.

Almost the best known of the poets was N. A. Jennings. Whether rightly or wrongly, he was popularly supposed by his contemporaries to dash off verse with the aid of a rhyming dictionary faster than any one else, with the possible exception of Munkittrick. Although he, too, has presumably deserted the Muse for higher class work, N. A. Jennings will be remembered by the readers of a popular evening paper. There seemed to be an absolute lack of effort to his ditties. With him it was, "Give me a subject, and I will write you a quatrain or two while you wait!" His humorous work, which appears from time to time in *Harper's Magazine,* affords an example of how he has turned his attention to "fresh fields and pastures new."

R. K. MUNKITTRICK, THE DEAN OF THE POETS OF PRINTING HOUSE SQUARE. MR. MUNKITTRICK IS NOW THE EDITOR OF "JUDGE."

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Post Wheeler, and be it said this name is not a *nom de guerre,* must, of course, be recognized as a member of the poetical cabal. Though his work was confined at the time specified to a morning newspaper, of whose staff he was a member, it was equally well known. His work differed from that of the other poets, for, as a rule, and the fact will be recognised in his book, which is made up almost entirely of his newspaper verses, sentiment took the place of humour. Not that he

LA TOUCHE HANCOCK.

was, or is, by any means devoid of pleasantry, but a strain of sadness is evident in most of his poems. His writings have a delicacy of sentiment and thought that one would scarcely have expected from a Poet of Printing House Square half a dozen years ago. The achievement of which Wheeler is, perhaps, most proud, is the invention of the term "Yellow Journalism."

The list of the little band proper closes with the names of Paul West and John W. Low. The former is still connected with the Sunday comic page of the paper on which he served his apprenticeship, and at intervals his drawings, for West is an artist as well as a versifier, will be recognised in a comic weekly. His verse, if not polished, at all events suited the subject always, and what he lacked in pure versification he certainly made up in a ceaseless flow of ideas.

John W. Low is also at the moment connected with the staff of the paper which formerly recognised his talent in its peculiar poetical market. Like Loomis and N. A. Jennings, he has for the time being, at any rate, forsaken his old love; but the files of five years ago show that he was by no means the least prolific of the poets.

Bertram A. Marburgh, who seems to have dropped out entirely in these days, was likewise not unknown to fame in that halcyon time, and it would scarcely be fair not to add to the roll of the Poets of Printing House Square the name of W. J. Lampton. About the time the era of strictly ephemeral verse came to an end there suddenly appeared in a morning paper some productions, which, though scarcely poetical, certainly gave the author a claim to be enrolled with the little band. The "yawp," as the author calls it, is supposed to have originated with Walt Whitman; but there is a very wide distinction between the "yawp" of Whitman's days and the wiry elongation that Lampton produces. At first sight it looks as if the "yawp" was merely a few sentences of prose divided into short lines. This, however, is far from being the case. It has an art, which consists presumably in being able to break in on an emphatic word, and an ability not to get away from that word. In any case, no matter how the "yawp" is manufactured, it immediately attracted the attention of the public, and has held it ever since. One can imagine this tall, breezy Kentuckian being suddenly struck with an idea, and, sitting down at his typewriter, dashing off one of his pet effusions with a "Gee Whizz" or a "See," which naturally closes so many of these efforts. Being at an age when the intellect is at its best, Lampton can well afford to laugh at his detractors, for, though he has many imitators, he is *par excellence* the Yawper of the country. A "yawp" cannot be explained, nor can it be taught. It is in a class by itself. It recalls the indefiniteness of Lewis Carroll's famous line:

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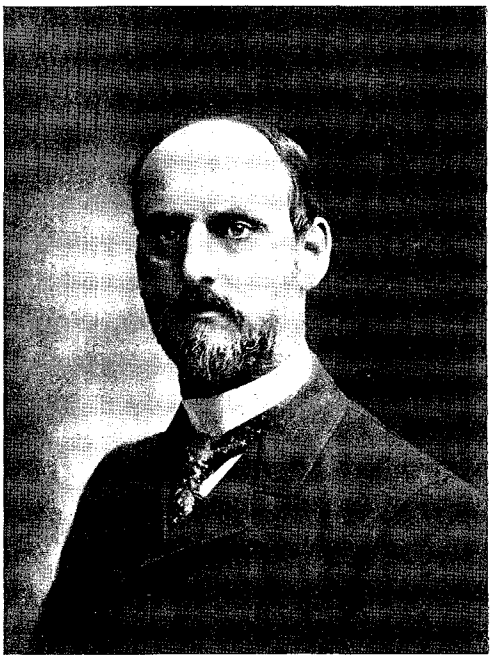
For the Snark was a Boojum, you see!

Ella Wheeler Wilcox, though she disclaims any connection with the Poets of Printing House Square, must by her poetical essays in the daily press be included. Furthermore, she admits that her work is done on the shortest notice, a prerogative enjoyed by all her compeers. Her well-known poem on the "Death of McKinley," for instance, was wired for at nine A.M. on the Saturday following the tragedy, and sent in by the same means on the evening of the same day. She does her work best, she confesses, in a large hotel with the noise of people about her, with every convenience at hand, but no responsibilities. "I write," she says, "anywhere, and under any cir-

POST WHEELER.

cumstances, when I find it expedient to do so."

The fact that the several poets enjoyed the privilege of having their names printed in small capitals underneath their verses led to all sorts and kinds of experiences, for such publicity invited correspondence from all over the States. The chief offenders in this way were, sad to relate, of the gentler sex. Poetry seems to appeal more to their feelings than to the sense of the male. As a general rule, these letters were ignored. In the one or two cases that they were acknowledged an experience was gained, which common



W. J. LAMPTON.

sense dictated should not be repeated. Even lunatics, or rather those harmlessly

THE LATE ARTHUR GRISSOM.

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insane, were included amongst the devotees of these public versifiers. One poet confesses to having yielded to a flowery request from a lady, who had wrestled with the Muse much and often for the

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

benefit of her friends. Would this master of verse, she begged, look over her odes, and give her some much needed advice? He did, and to his astonishment was met by a vision of beauty in a pseudo-Grecian dress with unmistakable insanity in her eyes.

Another answered a similar request in person, and was confronted the next morning at the office of the paper for which he was writing by a letter from the lady's husband, in which the latter said, "that though he was extremely obliged for the trouble Mr. —— had taken, and quite appreciated the courtesy the Poet had shown in acceding to his wife's request, he was extremely sorry to say that Mrs. —— had of late developed traits of insanity, and presumably a fit was coming on now, so he would be obliged if Mr. —— would not call again!" Offers of marriage were numerous.

It will not be far from the truth to say that every one of the Poets of Printing House Square has had a chequered career. Above all others, poets have to learn the lesson of starvation. The recollection of such a time is gruesome; but now and then a line, a thought, will unconsciously creep in, which cannot fail to be reminiscent to the author of the hard times he had, when, without a penny in his pocket, he was struggling to attain an ambition that he had determined to reach.

Although new versifiers are springing up, it is pleasant to look back at the period when poets were prosperous, and the public, through the agency of editors, demanded ephemeral verse. Where the practice is now desultory it was then continuous. Such a course of sprouts probably did not do much harm to either writer or reader. They both felt that the epoch was merely transitory, just as the lovers of good music are not surprised at the disappearance of "rag-time." The following song, written by Albert Bigelow Paine, describes the *camaraderie*, the good fellowship, and last, but not least, that Bohemianism, which is inborn, and cannot be taught, of

THE POETS OF PRINTING HOUSE SQUARE.

As jolly a lot of good fellows, I know,
As you'll meet in this journey of life,
For their hearts are in tune and they sing as they go,
In the midst of humanity's strife.
And the day may be sunny or sodden and grey,
And the world may be blooming or bare,
The weary will always be cheered by a lay
From the poets of Printing House Square.

When the summer time comes with its mantle of green,
And the fountain is merry with song,
Their rhymes flow as gayly and gently, I ween,
As the day of the summer is long.

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Forgetful of winter's privation and cold,
They bathe in the balm of the air,
And the heart gathers hope from the song that is sold
By the poet of Printing House Square.

In the bleak winter days when the fountain is still,
And the skies are forbidding and grey,
He will sing of the summer to settle a bill,
And pay for his coal with a lay.
And the warmth and the music return;—and the glow
And the sheen of the summer are there.
No winter can conquer the spirit, I know,
Of the poet of Printing House Square.

Some day when the rhyme of the seasons is done,
And the rush of the riot is past—
When that marvellous era of rest is begun,
And life's problem is finished at last,
When our songs are all sung, and our debts are all paid,
And the heart slips its anchor of care,
I only ask then that my name be arrayed
With the poets of Printing House Square.

La Touche Hancock.

OF LITERARY FORGERS

The forgery of literary documents is a trade that commends itself to certain limited talents on more than one ground: it may be pursued anywhere, and, as the newspapers say, "without detriment to previous employment." The knowledge required is neither deep nor wide; the reward is often wealth and always notoriety. The enterprise of the literary forger, moreover, is spiced with a splendid uncertainty; he is never quite sure when or how he will be found out, and since his crime is seldom visited with a heavy penalty, he may enjoy all the excitement of the uncaught criminal without fearing the boredom of a trial and the pain of a long imprisonment. True, the most ingenious forger of modern times—Vrain Lucas—was rewarded by two years of enforced inaction; but he was foolish enough to mix himself up in a scientific scandal, and did not pursue his art for its own sake. Of the rest, there is scarce one that has not been openly flattered by scholars and courted by the great. To recognise a brilliant discovery before one's fellows is to share the glory of the discoverer, and the clumsiest forgery has never failed to win the adherence of half a dozen reputable enthusiasts. In other words, the seeds of deception always fall upon some small patch of fertile ground, and he is a bad husbandman indeed who does not gather a rich harvest.

Consider, for instance, George Psalmanazar, a soldier of fortune, who could boast no humour and little learning. Yet this Frenchman not only forged books; he forged a religion, he forged a language, he forged himself. Born in the neighbourhood of Avignon, he left his native city to seek his fortune, and, finding that the door of common success opened only at the knock of industry, he speedily resolved upon a course of what in less happy days he called "pride, folly, and stupid villainy." Tired of carrying a musket now for the Dutch, now for the Germans, he proclaimed himself a native of Formosa, got himself converted to Christianity by Mr. Innes, as fine an artist in forgery as himself, and enjoyed such a career of honoured ease as falls to the lot of few. He came to England, duly heralded, was petted by the clergy, interviewed the Archbishop of Canterbury, who could not understand his Latin, and finished at Oxford the studies which he had begun in a French monastery. It is difficult to say which got the greater glory, the pious Formosan, or the devout clergyman, who had shown him the error of his savage faith; but they both prospered exceedingly, and were wise enough to play their part with gravity and thoroughness. Psalmanazar, that no touch of realism should be wanting, lived upon raw meat, roots and herbs, and was soon used to this savage diet, though the fragrant cookery of the south should have given him a delicate palate. But while he pretended to live upon Formosan fare, he did not neglect the weightier matters. With Innes's aid, he had already sketched the language of his Eastern home, and he submitted specimens of the dialect to the scholars of England. "By means of his unhappy readiness at inventing of characters, languages, etc."—to quote his own words—he translated into pure Formosan a passage from Cicero's *De Natura Deorum*, and thus aroused the curiosity of the phi-

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lologists. Then, that the historians also might profit by his experience, he composed a treatise upon Formosa, which, translated from the Latin, had an immediate and triumphant success. Now, Psalmanazar, having a thorough knowledge of his public, was at no pains to make his treatise reasonable or consistent. Its facts, he tells us, were borrowed from Varenius's description of Japan, and the booksellers were so loudly impatient that he could only devote to its composition the leisure snatched from two months' dissipation. It was, therefore, "crude, imperfect and absurd," but it answered its purpose perfectly. It set London in a blaze of curiosity; it procured its author a convenient apartment in one of the most considerable colleges at Oxford, and made him "a great favourite with the fair sex." What more could an adventurer desire? And he won it all by a fraud which ten minutes' candid criticism might have exposed.

But if his erudition was small, his cunning was great. At Oxford he lived a life of gossip and laziness, while he was awake, and let a burning candle demonstrate his industry while he slept. He feigned a limp, that he might be thought to have contracted gout by overwork, and still escaped suspicion. In fact, had he not foolishly lent his name to an obvious imposition, called "white Formosan ware," he might have continued his chicanery without let or hindrance. Such success as he attained he owed, no doubt, to a gift of persuasion, which enabled him not only to deceive the many eminent clerics who believed what they hoped to be true, but to win the admiration of Samuel Johnson, a critic not usually tolerant of charlatans. Of course, it was Psalmanazar's affected piety which disturbed the lexicographer's judgment, who declared that he would as soon contradict a bishop as the repentant Formosan. But Johnson loved the man's company for its own sake. Of all the men he had known he sought George Psalmanazar the most. "I used to go and sit with him," said he, "at an ale-house in the city," and one would gladly give up all the specimens of the Formosan tongue if only Boswell had been present for an hour.

Yet, expert as he was in adapting his slender means to a great end, Psalmanazar was no sooner detected than he lost all pride in his exploits. The *Memoirs*, published after his death, are a long and wearisome apology for the only enterprise which he was capable of conducting to success. Throughout this lachrymose performance the note of hypocrisy is loud and clear. Psalmanazar was a forger from his cradle, and had he not called himself a Formosan he would have masqueraded as an Irishman—he did for a while—or a Hottentot. But whether or not this candid confession of "youthful follies" and "shameful imposture" be a mere forgery like the rest, we admire him least in the guise of a penitent, which becomes him not half so well as the taste for raw meat, the leg lamed by study, and the candle which burned all night in his room at Oxford. In defence of William Ireland, the nearest rival to Psalmanazar, it may be said that he never stooped to so nonsensical an apology. Detection did not diminish his pride, and his confession is as cynical as his forgery. He was, as it were, dedicated to the craft from his childhood, and Chatterton was at once his hero and his example. In his scrapbook, which still exists, snippets relating to the author of Thomas Rowley's poems are piously treasured, and he himself has described a visit reverentially paid to the shrine of Chatterton at Bristol. While he was delighted at the tumult of applause which greeted the exhibition of his famous relics and manuscripts, his delight burned just as brightly when all men knew him for an impostor as when royalty itself chattered of his valuable discovery. The shout of laughter which greeted Kemble's delivery of the famous line, "And when this solemn mockery is o'er," saddened the author, but did not shake his vanity. No vile penitence for him! He would not whine, like the wretched Psalmanazar, in sorrow at a misspent youth. He did but confess the forgery, when deception was no longer possible, and bragged of his conquests, as well he might. Great scholars had signed a profession of faith; the ingenious Mr. Boswell, after a tumbler of warm brandy-and-water, had declared, "Well, I shall now die contented since I have lived to witness the present day," and knelt down "to kiss the invaluable relics of our bard." Such was the forger's triumph, and he recorded it with satisfaction. But nothing reveals the arrogant character of

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William Ireland so clearly as the indignation which he felt and expressed at Malone's ruthless criticism. It was Malone who pilloried him without pity, inviting the world to pelt him with what missiles they chose, and he retorted with a lofty indictment of Malone's scholarship. He made no pretence that his documents were genuine, but he would not admit the grounds of condemnation. It is truly a noble spectacle: the detected forger proudly contemptuous of friends and foes alike. Those who accepted his documents were no better than fools; those who rejected them were poisoned by the venom of jealousy. In brief, Ireland played the game at all points with perfect skill. His forgeries were just bad enough to escape the sanguine eye of the people, and he presented them in such a manner as may justly be styled heroic.

The other forgers who displayed their talent in England during the last century had neither Ireland's skill nor Ireland's luck. Of course the gentleman who persuaded Moxon to publish and Robert Browning to introduce the sham letters of Shelley enjoyed his little jest; and it is certain that Simonides's great attainments fitted him to deceive the great librarians. But even Simonides met with a sharp rebuff at the Bodleian when he showed a masterpiece to Mr. Coxe with the question, "To what period does that belong?" and was told offhand, "To the middle of the nineteenth century." For the rest, George Gordon Byron was a clumsy botcher, and the clerk who, ten years since, forged letters of Burns and Scott to gratify the patriotism of Scottish-Americans, deserved no more than he got—a term of imprisonment. Yet, if the art has languished in England since the time of Ireland, the France of the nineteenth century may boast a literary forger of admirable skill and unexampled success. That the name of Vrain Lucas should be forgotten already is an untoward accident of fate, for he completely mystified the Academicians of France and set the professors of Europe by the ears. Moreover, he may be taken as a model of his kind. He possessed all the qualities, good and bad, which go to the making of a successful forger—facile half-knowledge, industry, courage, optimism. Above all, he had the tact to find a victim perfectly suited to his talent, whom he humoured with remarkable address, and he has left such a record of artistic achievement as is still unrivalled.

Vrain—Denis Lucas—or, as he was commonly known, Vrain Lucas—was born at Lanneray, in the department of the Eure-et-Loir, some three years after the battle of Waterloo. Like many another great man, he was of narrow circumstances and humble parentage. His father followed the ungrateful trade of a day labourer in the fields; and there is reason to believe that the son, unmindful of the distinction which awaited him, also handled the spade. But the country could not long hold captive so fine a spirit, and Vrain Lucas soon left home to seek his fortune in the great world which lay outside Lanneray. At first his poverty compelled him to take menial service in a gentleman's family; but this was a mere incident in a life of adventure, and had no other influence upon our hero than to give his manners the polish which made him famous. Far more congenial was an employment which he found in a notary's office at Châteaudun, where he was presently promoted to be clerk in the law court. Many a useful hint did he gather from the parchments which he conned or copied here; but what was of greater import to the future, he devoted his scanty leisure to a serious course of study. While his colleagues sunned themselves on the boulevard, sipped absinthe, or rattled the dominoes on the marble table of a café, he read in the public library or composed poems, which gave him the same sort of reputation at Châteaudun as Lucien de Rubempré enjoyed at Angoulême. Though his education had been sadly neglected, he had an unmistakable taste for polite letters, and when once he had found encouragement he wasted no time in the idle pursuit of vain fiction or vainer journalism. Historical research was his passion, and day after day his slim figure, bent with study, might be seen flitting among the shelves of the public library. The *History of the Academy*, the *Library of Authors Who Have Written History*—such were the tomes which engrossed his leisure; and so highly was he esteemed, that when he left Châteaudun, a librarian wrote upon his *registre de prêt* these words: "The industrious M. Lucas is going to live in Paris. He deserves to succeed. A young

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man from Lanneray, self-educated." And succeed he did, far beyond the expectation of the sympathetic librarian.

In 1851, then, Vrain Lucas arrived in Paris, with no baggage save a bundle of poems, and an ambition fixed upon antiquarian pursuits. He was not precisely a youth—he had passed his thirty-third birthday. But precocity is no virtue; and as that fruit is sweetest which ripens slowly, so the finest talents come late to efflorescence. His poems, as their titles —"La Guirlande de Flore" and "Ce que j'aime à voir"—suggest, were too classic for the taste of the time. He could not hope to challenge the supremacy of Victor Hugo. Moreover, as the librarian confessed, he was self-educated. No kindly monk had taught him the rudiments of Latin and Greek, as they taught the youthful Psalmanazar, whose quick precocity and quicker extinction make him a striking contrast to his ingenious compatriot. Like Shakespeare, Vrain Lucas had no Greek and little Latin:

> On ne m'a, grâce au destin,
> Appris ni grec, ni latin.

Thus he wrote in his elegant verse; and this ignorance of the classic tongues, as will presently be seen, profoundly influenced his art. At the outset he knew not what to do in Paris; he had neither friends to aid him nor such genius as could be readily turned into gold. His one resource was to take what work offered itself; and by great good luck he found employment in the *cabinet généalogique* of a certain Letellier. Here at last was proper scope for the antiquarian zeal which burned within him. For Letellier was ready at a moment's notice to invent a pedigree or sketch a coat-of-arms. His office was a factory of false titles and forged documents; old parchments, curious inks, fantastic names and phrases were his stock-in-trade; and Vrain Lucas learned under his tutelage many a secret contrivance which he afterward turned to good account. Above all, he plumbed the depths of human vanity. He saw with what ease a man may be deceived who wishes to believe in falsehood, and he acquired a keen insight into the credulous character upon which a literary forger must work. So while he performed the duties of Letellier's tout he practised himself in the subtle arts of deception, and was able, when the time came, to gull M. Chasles as he chose.

Meanwhile, though Paris and the office of Letellier gave him every opportunity for the historical research which he loved, he was not content. He was not satisfied even with a ready access to all the biographical dictionaries and encyclopædias of what was then called the Bibliothèque Impériale. Vain as his victims, he sighed for the wealth and notoriety which seldom come to the humble inventor of pedigrees. His election, as a corresponding member, to the Société Archéologique du Département d'Eure-et-Loir was a momentary triumph, and so well cultivated was his faculty of persuasion that soon afterward he was appointed head of a provincial library. But none knew better than Vrain Lucas what he could and could not do. He dared not attempt to catalogue a library on the very scanty Latin that was his, and, rather than expose himself to failure, he remained in Paris, living among old books, old manuscripts, and autographs of all ages.

His real chance came when he met M. Chasles, the celebrated mathematician, for in M. Chasles he found precisely the victim which his ingenuity demanded. Now, M. Chasles, though he was a distinguished member of the Académie des Sciences, and had been honoured by our own Royal Society, was a man of simple faith and exquisite trustfulness. Moreover, he was a zealous collector of autographs and old books, and he accepted with enthusiasm whatever was brought him by Vrain Lucas. The few real treasures that he possessed he gladly sold, in order to buy the most impudent forgeries ever devised by the wit of man. His confidence in Vrain Lucas was unshakable. "We are of the same country," he said pathetically, "and I thought him incapable of deceiving me." Such is always the attitude of the pigeon who soon grows to love the friendly rook. Nor was Vrain Lucas the man to lose the most brilliant opportunity which ever came to a literary forger. His materials were ready to his hand; he had not served his apprenticeship in Letellier's workshop for nothing; and his knowledge was not so deep as to destroy his faith in that which his own hand created. So he fabricated letters from the great men of all ages, and sold them as fast as

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he could turn them out to the trusting mathematician. The story told of their origin was ingenious and convincing: they came, said he, from the famous cabinet of the Chevalier Blondeau de Charnage, whose collection, made in the middle of the eighteenth century, was still remembered by scholars. At the Revolution the cabinet was purchased by M. le Comte de Boisjourdain, who during the Terror emigrated to America and took his treasures with him. The adventures of these precious papers, however, did not end with their arrival in America. On their homeward voyage they suffered shipwreck, and were one and all stained by salt water. Their present possessor, whom Vrain Lucas always called with air of mystery *le vieux monsieur*, loved them like his life, and they were wrung out of him one by one by the stress of poverty. Whatever money was paid for the priceless letters was, of course, handed over to *le vieux monsieur*, and the forger kept no more for his pains than twenty-five per cent. It is but natural, then, that sometimes he was hard up, and asked the confiding M. Chasles for a small sum, which should come to him alone. Nor was *le vieux monsieur* too easy to manage. Now and again he was tortured by remorse that priceless relics should be lost to his family, and his remorse was acuter when a fire-eating relative, called in the secret correspondence *le vieux militaire*, angrily protested that they should be repurchased. It was the prettiest comedy to all concerned, save M. Chasles, who in his anxiety was more than once inclined to have the forger arrested, not because he had been swindled, but because he feared that these valuable papers should be sold and sent out of France, whose chief ornament they were.

Thus, in the course of a few years, Vrain Lucas sold to M. Chasles 27,472 forgeries for the comfortable price of 150,000 francs. To give the names of the correspondents would be to exhaust the roll of fame. They belonged to all countries and all ages. The letters of Sappho, Thales, Virgil, Julius Cæsar, Zeno, St. Luke, Lazarus, Montaigne, Rabelais, the Cid, Molière, Newton, Galileo, Pascal, Louis XIV., and countless others jostled each other in the ample chests of M. le Comte de Boisjourdain. The impartiality of Vrain Lucas was unique; he neglected nobody who had a place in the *Biographie Universelle*, and when he professed a doubt as to a signature which he had devised himself, he would ask M. Chasles, with an ingenuous smile, to consult that repertory of useful knowledge. But whether they came from Greece or Italy or from modern France, they were all written upon paper of the same age and the same quality, pleasantly stained by time or travel, and water-marked with a *fleur-de-lis*. Of this paper the forger was very sparing. The great correspondents wrote always upon half sheets and curbed their eloquence. But not only was the paper uniform; the letters, one and all, were written in French. And here, I think, Vrain Lucas showed his real grandeur. Latin and Greek had been denied him at school, and so he cheerfully made the best of it. Having precisely gauged the credulity of his victim, he harmonised his means to his end like a true artist. He made one concession to antiquity: the letters of Sappho and Julius Cæsar, to name but two, are written in what he thought was old French, and in a bold handwriting which evidently betokened age. Besides, if the paper were suspicious, if the language would have made any other than M. Chasles roar with laughter, the ink was impeccable. How it was made remains the secret of Vrain Lucas, but true it is that it resisted all the tests which commonly expose the ink of modern fabrication, and won over many an expert to the forger's side.

The style of the letters is simple and impartial. There was no nonsense about Vrain Lucas; he had no more ambition to mimic the manner than to reproduce the handwriting of his august correspondents. He was quite content if the writer of a masterpiece was contemporary with its recipient, and what was good enough for him was obviously good enough for M. Chasles. A specimen will best illustrate his method, and no better specimen can be chosen than the following letter, addressed by Sappho to Phaon: "Sapho à son tres amé Phaon Salut. Très chier amé pres de ces bords charmans où la veue admire en s'egarant une immense estendue, où la pleine des mers et la vouste des cieux semblent dans la lointaing se confondre, non loin d'icelle rive est un lit de verture qu'ombrage un orme

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épais et qu'une onde pure arrose," and the rest. Wherever you turn in this astounding correspondence, you find the same exquisite commonness of thought, the same superb absurdity of language. After Sappho comes Thales, with a letter to the "très illustre et très redouté prince Ambigat, roy des Gaules," in which the "très puissant prince" is informed that water is "le principe de toutes choses." In like manner Archimedes salutes his beloved Hiero, Alexander Rex offers a few words of comfort to his "très amé Aristote," Vercingetorix grants a safe-conduct to "Trogue Pompée." More amazing still, "Magdeleine" sends greeting "à son très amé Lazare," whom she addresses as her brother, which proves that Vrain Lucas knew the *Biographie Universelle* better than the Bible. "Mon très amé frère," writes Magdeleine, "ce que me mandez de Petrus de nostre doux Jesus me fait esperer que bien tot le verrons icy et me dispose l'y bien recevoir, nostre seur Marthe sen rejouit aussy. Sa santé est fort chancelante et je crains son trespas," and so on. Grotesque as it is, it was sufficient at once to delight the heart of M. Chasles and to fill the pocket of Vrain Lucas.

Still more curious is the praise of France, which is the excuse for most of these astounding letters. M. Chasles had a strenuous love of his country, and Vrain Lucas played on his patriotism as on a pipe. Greek and Roman, Egyptian and Hebrew agree in hymning the glory of France, and, oddly enough, they all display a guilty knowledge of the vast correspondence brought to light by Vrain Lucas. When Aristotle writes to Alexander, it is to request that he may visit Gaul, and there study the science of the Druids. Alexander affably replies that he could not be better employed. Cleopatra, in addressing "son très amé Jules Cesar impereur," declares that when "nostre fils Cesarion" is old enough to bear the voyage, she will send him to Marseilles, that he may receive his education at the centre of the universe. Not even Lazarus, quaintly styled by himself "Lazare le ressuscité," can escape this passion for Gaul, and in writing to his "très amé Petrus" he professes his agreement with Cæsar and Cicero, who assert that "the Druids indulge in human sacrifice." All this, of course, was highly flattering to M. Chasles's national pride, and doubtless he took pleasure also in the opinion of Charlemagne (confided to his "très docte et très amé Alcuin") that the Celtic tongue was the mother of all languages. Such was the supreme cleverness of Vrain Lucas: he discovered previously what his client wanted, and found it for him. No difficulty baffled his research. For instance, the letters of Charles Quint are no less rare than those of Rabelais, yet M. Chasles possessed a considerable correspondence which had passed between these two distinguished men. Again, La Bruyère put pen to paper as seldom as might be; the united collections of the world can only discover a poor score of his letters; yet Vrain Lucas obtained from *le vieux monsieur* no less than seven hundred and thirty-nine specimens of La Bruyère's penmanship!

But at last the tardy foot of retribution overtook the ingenious author. M. Chasles could no longer control his pride; he could no longer forbear to trumpet his triumph abroad. On July 6, 1867, the learned mathematician communicated to the Académie des Sciences two letters addressed by Rotrou to Richelieu, proposing the foundation of an academy in Paris such as Clémence Isaure had established at Toulouse, and dated some thirty years earlier than the birth of that institution. Paris was still agog with interest in a rewritten chapter of history, when (a week later) M. Chasles laid before the same Academy two letters from Blaise Pascal to Robert Boyle, and four notes, signed "Pascal," which proved conclusively that Pascal had forestalled Newton's great discovery. The pride of France was aflame in a moment. Once more, it was said, perfidious Albion had filched the honour which belonged to another. M. Chasles woke up to find himself a national hero, and the lightest word spoken in contempt of his documents was accepted as a plain proof of treachery. MM. Duhamel and Fougère, who threw doubt upon the letters of Pascal, were denounced as enemies of their fatherland; and every objection which pedantry could raise was instantly controverted by new letters drawn from the endless store of *le vieux monsieur*. During the anxious weeks which followed, Vrain Lucas worked with unceasing energy.

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A set of letters which passed between the aged Pascal and the boy Newton convinced some waverers, and Galileo, suddenly introduced (with a sheaf of documents) into the discussion, proved a welcome diversion. But meanwhile Sir David Brewster and other men of science on our side of the Channel denounced the letters as clumsy forgeries. M. Chasles answered them by a new sheaf of letters from Pascal, Kepler, anybody, and thought the matter settled. Why, indeed, should he trouble to confute a mob of Britons, impervious to argument, when their pride was wounded? The discussion endured for two years, until in 1869 the Académie, through its perpetual secretary, declared that M. Chasles had proved his point, and that the letters were genuine. It was decided that no impostor could imitate "the noble simplicity" of Louis XIV., whose opinion of Galileo was held sacred. Had the letters been forged, said the Abbé Moigno, the forger must have been a demi-god. Paris was jubilant, M. Thiers embraced the Academician in the name of patriotism, and patriots cheered Blaise Pascal in the streets with an enthuiasm which would have delighted that master of irony. Truly the love of country has been responsible for many follies, but never for a greater folly than that which put poor, well-meaning M. Chasles upon a pinnacle of glory.

Then came ruin. On April 12, 1869—a belated All Fools' Day—M. Chasles received the formal approval of France. A week later, M. Breton, an official of the Observatory, discovered sixteen of the forged letters from Pascal and one of Galileo's in M. Saverien's *Histoire des Philosophes Modernes* (1761). M. Chasles was unabashed; he declared that M. Saverien had stolen his originals without acknowledgment, and promptly produced a letter from Montesquieu to Saverien recommending him to Madame de Pompadour, who, as is known, possessed a vast collection of autographs. At every fresh step taken by M. Breton and his friends, Vrain Lucas was ready with a fresh letter. The innocent M. Chasles told him what he desired to prove, and the forger instantly obliged his patron. How long this see-saw of proof and counter-proof would have lasted is uncertain; but after two months of idle discussion Le Verrier summed up the case with pitiless logic. He tore the fabric of M. Chasles's patriotism to shreds, and at last that amiable philosopher was forced to confess that he had been duped. But even in the act of confession he still expressed a wavering belief in the man who had befooled him. "La collection s'étend," said he, with a pensive naïveté, "aux premiers temps, et même au-delà." *Même au-delà* is a charming revelation of implicit trust, and one almost regrets that it was ever disturbed. Justice, however, claimed her victim, and Vrain Denis Lucas was duly arraigned. To prove his guilt was easy enough: he had defrauded the poor old mathematician of some six thousand pounds, and the most interesting problem offered for solution was, what did he do with the money? He was a man of simplicity and refinement; the most diligent inquiry revealed no more than the good order and regularity of his life. He lived quietly in the Rue St. Georges with an amiable mistress. He received no company, and sought none, save that of M. Chasles. When he was well off, he dined at the Café Riche, for he was of those who prefer a cutlet with elegance to a Gargantuan feast ill-served. If for the moment he lacked money, he was content with a *crêmerie*. Examined by the magistrate, he preserved a dignified reticence where his private life was touched, but he justified his public actions with eloquence and ingenuity.

In face of the jury he once more beat the drum of patriotism. "Whatever is said or done," said he, "my conscience is calm. I have the conviction that I never did any man a wrong. If to reach my end I did not act with perfect discretion, if I sometimes followed a tortuous path, if I used a trick to strike the attention and to arouse the curiosity of the public, it was merely to recall certain historical facts which are easily forgotten or unknown even to the learned. . . . I blended instruction with amusement. . . . M. Chasles had never before been listened to so patiently. . . . Yes, whatever happens, I shall always be conscious that I acted, if not with discretion, at least with uprightness and patriotism." There is a directness in this oration worthy a hero of old Rome; but the jury was unmoved, caring, it is evident, no more for science

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than for patriotism. The forger was condemned to two years' imprisonment, and it was only after his condemnation that that the worst piece of luck befell him. He was sentenced in February, 1870; five months later war was declared against Germany, and Paris was packed with soldiers eagerly shouting "À Berlin!" Thus in a moment he lost the hope of glory. His marvellous achievements were forgotten in the misery which settled upon Paris when the outburst of military enthusiasm was spent. M. de Goncourt complained that one of his masterpieces missed the chance of a triumphant success by the declaration of war; but poor Vrain Lucas suffered more deeply than the author of *Charles Demailly* from the German invasion. Though his ingenious forgeries brought him a comfortable income, he could not be content without notoriety, and he forfeited all chance of immediate fame by a foolish turn of the political wheel. But the war is now docketed in the pigeon-holes of history, and it is time to remember those who have distinguished themselves in the arts of peace. Not while patriotism beats in the breast of a single Frenchman should the humble antiquarian be forgotten, who, for the glory of France, persuaded Sappho to address Phaon in the French tongue, and who restored to Blaise Pascal, their true discoverer, the laws of gravity.

Vrain Lucas was, like all of his kind, half-educated. His natural wits travelled faster than his knowledge, and no course of painful research had dulled his fancy. Too facile to be critical, he allowed himself such freedoms as would be impossible for a schoolboy; yet he never lost faith in himself, he never shook the confidence of his dupe. But one gift he shared with others of his kind—a gift higher and rarer than mere erudition—eloquent persuasiveness. His manners, one is sure, were irresistible, and even had poor M. Chasles attempted to resist, it would have been useless. For successful forgery is a species of hypnotism. As the Indian juggler persuades the spectators that he disappears at the end of a rope flung into the air, or that he brandishes a sword red with an infant's blood, so the forger induces his willing victim to believe that a letter written yesterday in ill-spelt French is the true Greek of Sappho. M. Chasles was, during the eight years of fraud, completely hypnotised. He believed what he hoped and what he was told. Yet it should be remembered that a forgery only succeeds when the credulity of the victim keeps pace with the forger's skill. The victim, in truth, is of the rarer clay, and assuredly the world will match Vrain Lucas a dozen times before it again encounters so simple, credulous, and kindly an old gentleman as M. Michel Chasles.

Charles Whibley.

DRAMATISATIONS OF SCOTT

The Monastery and *The Abbot* followed *Ivanhoe* in the same year. I can trace no instance of an English performance of either story, but there was produced at the Anthony Street Theatre, New York, May 18, 1821, a play entitled *The Heir of Avenel; or, Mary of Scotland.* There was listed in the catalogue of the McKee Library *Mary of Scotland; or, The Heir of Avenel,* anonymous, published in 1821. Although the title and sub-title are inverted, these plays were one and the same. Mary Avenel appeared in *The Monastery* and *The Abbot,* but the story embodied in the dramatisation was taken from the former. This left *The Abbot* the distinction of being apparently the first of Scott's novels which was not put upon the stage.

Thomas Dibdin was the first to make a stage version of *Kenilworth.* He placed it in the hands of the manager of Drury Lane with his usual extraordinary expedition. But he confesses to his mortification in being obliged to confess that his patron's delays gave the Adelphi the distinction of first producing the story on the stage. Planché was the maker of this version. Dibdin, however, got his version on in February, 1821, at the Surrey, where it finished the season. Covent Garden got the same version on to its stage in March. The novel has ever since been a favourite mine for playwrights.

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The manager of the Bath Theatre secured Dibdin's version and gave it in a fashion thus described by Genest:

> *Kenilworth* was very successful; it was the grandest spectacle ever exhibited at a provincial theatre. . . . No expense had been spared; several scenes were painted by Grieve; the canopy had really been used by George III.

Edward Stirling, who later proved so efficient in remodelling Dickens for the stage, made a version of this book, which he called *Tillbury Fort; or The Days of Good Queen Bess.* Indeed, this was his first essay in authorship. It was first given at Gravesend. No doubt, Dibdin's reconstruction of *Kenilworth* was used for the stage *début* of this story in America, made in June 18, 1821, at the Anthony Street Theatre.

The most recent presentation of this novel on the stage was in the form given it by Andrew Halliday. He called his play *Amy Robsart,* and it was given at Drury Lane in September, 1870, with beautiful Adelaide Neilson in the title-part. The rôle of Amy Robsart is spoken of as one of her finest assumptions. The play was last given a distinguished representation in America when Marie Wainwright appeared as the unhappy Amy at Palmer's Theatre.

The measure of the popularity of the dramatisations was always the popularity of the corresponding novels, which shows clearly that it was not any inherent quality in the plays which gave them their success. To confirm this view, one has only to glance through the play-books. They quench any surprise that old Dibdin should have concocted any of them in two days. Occasionally a character would slip, unalloyed, from the book into the play, and a great artist would rise up to give it vitality. These were fortuitous coincidences, for which the compilers were not responsible.

So the decline of Scott on the stage may be marked from *Kenilworth.* In all, he wrote thirty-nine novels. Of the first thirteen, all but one were dramatised, several achieving notable contemporary triumph, and a few surviving to within a comparatively recent date, on account of the opportunity afforded certain great artists by certain characters. Of the sixteen which followed *Kenilworth,* I cannot find that *Redgauntlet, The Betrothed, The Highland Widow, The Surgeon's Daughter, Count Robert of Paris* and *Castle Dangerous* were dramatised. The remaining ten are a matter of brief record.

Here is a solitary allusion to *The Pirate,* found in Thomas Dibdin's Reminiscences:

> The northern magician now produced the Pirate; and *pirating* as much as I could of it, my shadow followed his substance very rapidly. The powerful assistance of Mrs. Glover gave a consequence to this effort; and though so many of my great guns had gone off from the Surrey, we had a field of artillery remaining, which, whether it brought money or no, assuredly gained great credit.

A play was made from *Quentin Durward,* which was next to appear. It was the work of Robert W. Ewing; but I cannot find that this or any other play from this book was ever produced. However, the story seemed to have been preyed upon indirectly for dramatic material. Casimir Delavigne depended upon this creation of Walter Scott for his *Louis XI.,* which Henry Irving uses in his répertoire. Lord Lytton owes one scene in *Richelieu* to *Quentin Durward,* according to Dutton Cook, who also charges the author of this play with obligations to the *Cinq Mars* of De Vigny and something more to an earlier romance by the author of *Picciola.*

When *St. Ronan's Well* appeared, Thomas Dibdin prepared it for acting; but it never saw the footlights. For some reason there was a revival of interest in this book in the seventies. In 1871, A. D. M'Neill made a version, produced at the Princess's, Edinburgh, and five years later the Theatre Royal, Belfast, presented a dramatisation by David Fisher. The first record I can find of *The Talisman* in dramatic form recites an effort made at Drury Lane in 1874. It was given a good cast and a troop of acrobats in "a Moorish *fête,* given at Damascus, to please Richard of the Lion Heart," but the entertainment was a comparative failure. Isaac Pocock made *Woodstock* into five acts, which were first, and probably last, seen at Covent Garden, May 20, 1826, for a run of six consecutive nights. The prologue on this

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occasion affords an interesting example of this quaint form of literary composition:

Ladies and Gentlemen,—nay, do not start—
Each Actor's ready—perfect in his part,—
No one is absent—no one taken ill;
But all are here,—forthcoming as per bill.
With supplicating air, and formal guise,
Yet comes the Prologue, to apologise—
'T is for the Author—No! he bade me say,
The *Dramatiser* only—of the Play,
All borrowed plumes he proudly scorns to wear,—
Your meed of praise not e'en attempts to share;
Save for the effort—to select, combine,
And imitate with care, the spirit of *his* line,
Whose fancy revels in exhaustless store;
To give the stage one pleasing drama more.
No easy task, amid poetic bowers,
To choose, where all are fair, the fairest flowers:
He gathered many,—could not gather all;
And e'en from these some precious leaves must fall.
Yet, if with taste and skill the garland's wove,—
A May-Day offering to the shrine we love:
If to his task your fostering care be lent,
The object's gained,—the Dramatist's content.
This all his aim,—to strut a pigmy elf,
Where the enchanter *will not move* himself,
But ne'er presume to claim that magic wand
With which the master spirit charms the land.
If then *this* Woodstock tale, in three hours' space,
Culled from three volumes, briefly he can trace,
Let your indulgence to his toil be shewn,—
Give all your plaudits to the GREAT UNKNOWN.

Paul Wilstach.

THE DRAMA OF THE MONTH

The performance of the last act of *Johannis* by the students of the Academy of Dramatic Arts was another reminder of the strange fact that Sudermann, since *Magda,* is almost unknown on the English stage. Played by students, without power, and without the previous accumulation of interest, this one act of *Johannis* moved the emotions and pleased the imagination to a high degree. It proved that the playwright has been competent to handle the impressive subject which he chose. Sudermann has written many strong plays on topics of daily life, and in taking up John the Baptist he is following the path which now tempts the ablest dramatists. The realistic movement has lost its novelty. The important part of the English public is more interested in Stephen Phillips than in any other British dramatist, and he not only writes in verse but takes the large stories of antiquity. Rostand in France and D'Annunzio in Italy are also taking great subjects, and the strong realistic movement in the German drama is being accompanied by an equally marked idealistic movement. In America there is nothing dramatic that amounts to literature, and, as has been observed, if Europe does fear American competition, it is not in the arts.

Not only do we fail to produce stage literature, but we hesitate to import it. We have not seen *Paola and Francesca, Herod* or *Ulysses.* We see almost no Ibsen, Hauptmann, or Sudermann. It will be interesting to see whether any actress has the enterprise to give an English version of Sudermann's latest play, *Ees Lebe das Leben,* which was not played at the Irving Place Theatre on account of its moral tendencies. Mrs. Campbell is almost the only person we have to rely on for such plays in English. The part of the heroine is so sympathetic from an intellectual point of view, so fascinating to one whose morals are of the kind which Goethe thought best for modern times, that there ought to be

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a life for her even on our stage. She is an aristocrat, in the first place, which is an innovation for Sudermann, and actresses usually love to be aristocratic. She dominates the whole progress of the play, although there are dramatic scenes independent of her. She represents a morality which, in life, is acted upon much and confessed very little; so that the danger on our stage would be that the actress would try to make her fit the Sunday school conscience, which would take away what makes her originality and her representativeness. She is one of the few women who depart from the general lines of morality without being hardened or demoralised by it, and, what is still rarer, who tells no lies to herself. Usually, in literature as in life, if a woman pick a blossom which is protected by law, she covers her deed with so much sentimentality that she cannot see it clearly. Not so Sudermann's Beate. She is a heroine with the philosophy of Goethe. She is free from one of the most frequent combinations of human character, selfishness decked out in hypocrisy. She has a great love of life, as is indicated in the name given to the play. She finds that she can get more of it by strategy than by openness, and she takes it. She makes no talk about honour or virtue, only about happiness and love. This is a topic in which Sudermann has shown a great interest. In *Die Ehre* he has treated it in its most general philosophic aspects, and in *Sodom's Ende,* in *Johannisfeuer,* in *Heimath* and in other works of his an honest and uncompromising effort is made to see what the real relation is of the ready-made phrases and ideas as dead as stage properties that do most of the daily work of morals to the foundations of character and social life. Both he and Hauptmann, occupied with realities, have written plays in which the characters were taken from the classes which have most of the various ingenuous passions, and in deserting for the moment to the aristocracy he looks at them with the same penetration. English and American playwrights when they write about the people who are most conspicuous socially seem to be occupied with struggles to express what is good form, what is a lady, whether a gentleman would do so and so and still be worthy of the *ingénue;* a series of standards and ideas which are much more amusing when expressed by the serving classes. Two nurses were talking in Fifth Avenue the other day about the theft of a baby. "I thought only ladies did that," said one. "I didn't think a man would do it." The same level of thought in Mr. Richard Harding Davis's *Soldiers of Fortune* is less satisfactory, and Mr. Davis only carries to the limit of solemnity a trait which lurks in Pinero, Jones, Esmond, and most of the English dramatists, not to mention Mr. Clyde Fitch. It is because Sudermann is such a relief after the usual stage food that I have used one act of his as a pretext for writing more about him than about half a dozen "important" Broadway productions. It may be dishonest, but it is a necessary trick to make dramatic criticism an endurable occupation in New York. I will not write any more about Beate, her charming tact, her love of life and fearlessness of death, her love of her husband and her still greater love for another man, her devotion to her child, her calm vision of deeds, and her calm acceptance of consequences. This is one of the finest modern dramatic portraits; but to play her for what she is, without sentimentality and without defiance, is a feat which very few actresses could accomplish. It needs, above all, intellectual brilliancy, and then plenty of temperament, not queerness, but love of full living. Mrs. Campbell is certainly the woman who should give it to us.

What a contrast is this bracing Sudermann air to the atmosphere into which it is now necessary to descend! *Soldiers of Fortune* seems to please most observers. Those who have read the novel need little information about the play, which was made by Mr. Davis and Mr. Augustus Thomas. It has less than the novel of Mr. Davis's spirited movement in narration; it has some humour, partly of the Davis and partly of the Thomas variety; and it has in its understanding and feeling for life precisely the pretentious shallowness exhibited in the novel. If in the midst of such writing a Sudermann appeared in America, what would happen? One dramatist of brains, intellectual refinement and solid technique could do much to make a standard by which *Soldiers of Fortune* should look

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like a chromo. Another play which has been given here offers a sharp contrast between technical qualities and spiritual substance. As it is an adaptation by Haddon Chambers from the German translation of a Danish original, I do not know who furnished the excellent stage-craft and who the feeble moral basis. *A Modern Magdalen,* as it is called, is one of the best acting plays seen here in some time. In technical qualities, such as the development of the story, the sequence of scenes, the way the characters come and go, the relevance and crispness of the dialogue, the actability of the characters, it is admirable; but it is of such tawdry conventionality in psychology and ideals as to be beneath serious attention. It is worth seeing, decidedly, for persons who study stage technique, and also for all actors and students of acting; for outside of Miss Amelia Bingham, who is hopelessly at sea in a big part, the cast is so strong that it is not easy to think of its equal in some years. Several do well, but the first places belong easily to Henry E. Dixey, in a character part which reminds everybody of Dickens, and to Wilton Lackaye, who makes a powerful effect through the quiet expression of sincere emotion. These are two of the best actors in America, and they are of the kind whose excellence is adaptable to different parts. This is particularly true of Mr. Dixey, who is almost as difficult to recognise in *A Modern Magdalen* as he was in *Oliver Goldsmith.* We have much of the good acting which identifies the part with the actor, little of that which wholly disguises the actor's personality. This last kind is necessary for versatility, and if the high-class repertory theatre, which people are fond of talking about in New York is ever founded, actors like Mr. Dixey will be among those to be most keenly sought for the stock company which would be needed. There is little meaning in the term "stock" as applied to such companies as those at the Empire and at Daly's, which do two or three new plays in a year, and fit the parts almost as carefully to the actor as is done in specially selected casts. Actors who can compose characters, externally and internally, of entirely opposite natures, as so many Germans do, are rare in America, and Mr. Dixey is one of them. Mr. Lackaye did equally well in *A Modern Magdalen,* and, although emotional strength is more frequent with us than such objectivity as Mr. Dixey's, the smoothness with which Mr. Lackaye showed it is less so.

A German actor has just been showing a mastery of the external side of his profession. In his first American appearances, at the Irving Place Theatre, Ferdinand Bonn played a variety of characters which proved his extreme versatility, and played them all with technical finish and completeness, and also with something attractive in his manner, even when he was acting as black a villain as Franz Moor in *Die Räuber.* It is not easy to understand why Schiller's twenty-year-old effort is still kept so much alive on the German stage, for to most foreigners it seems not only violent but dull. It has the important element of containing two excellent acting parts and several scenes which show Schiller's instinctive dramatic power, crude at its beginning but strong. More influential than any intrinsic merit, however, in giving it life is probably the name of its author, for in Germany the fact that a play was written by one of the greatest authors of the country's history is a reason for seeing it, and seeing it often. It might have been more interesting if the rest of the company had acted with the energy of Bonn, whose intensity was a match for that of Schiller himself. He played with so much storm and stress, and such frank artifice, with no attempt at rendering more human the utter monster of Schiller's creation, that one wondered whether he would be able to act properly in a more natural part. His second bill, however, put these doubts to rest, for he then appeared in three one-act plays, selected for their dissimilarity, and he was faultless in all. First, he played François Coppée's romantic young violinist reputed to have the evil eye, rejected by the girl he loves, sacrificing himself for his rival, in *Der Gergenmacher von Cremona.* In this drama he had, without effort, a truly romantic and sympathetic manner, and he incidentally showed skill with the violin. In *Der Präsident,* which followed, he was made up to look like an old actor, with a red face and big nose, with an absurdly naïve nature, and he acted the part as pure farce, rushing all over the stage with the gait of a fat old man. In *Der*

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Abschied vom Regiment he acted a colonel, slightly intoxicated, dismissed from his regiment on account of scandalous doings of his wife, and finally killed in an encounter with her lover. In this part he carried quiet naturalness to an extreme which contrasted strikingly with his violent Franz, his farcical actor, and his romantic violinist, and was, perhaps, the finest bit of work of the four. Other parts are to follow; but from these first appearances he seems to be a particularly interesting actor, without greatness, but with much intelligence, taste and adaptability, both of mind and body.

Norman Hapgood.

FUEL OF FIRE

By ELLEN THORNEYCROFT FOWLER

CHAPTER IV.

MRS. CANDY.

A husband, even though a fool,
Teaches far more than any boarding-school.

The post of caretaker of Baxendale Hall was filled by a worthy couple of the name of Candy. Candy himself had been head-gardener while the house was yet inhabited: and he still pottered about the neglected old garden, picking up a stick here and a weed there as the fancy took him. His better half was a Norfolk woman; and had been wooed and won at Cromer when Candy was an under-gardener at one of the big houses near that delightful town. She always felt herself to be a stranger and a sojourner in Mershire: for she had left her heart with her two little children in Overstrand churchyard, amid the poppies which keep guard over the slumbers of them that await the great awakening within the sound of the blue North Sea. At least she had left half of her heart there; the other half was filled to overflowing with respectful admiration of her lord and master, who was the greatest and wisest man in the kingdom, according to Mrs. Candy. It is a great satisfaction to every woman to have a final court of appeal for the settlement of all doubtful questions; and it is a still greater satisfaction to be married to this court. Which blessing was Mrs. Candy's in full measure.

It was a day in the early summer, before the snow-drifts of May blossom had quite melted from off the hedges, when Nancy crossed the fields lying at the back of Wayside and went through the iron gate into the lanes. To her (apparent) surprise whom should she meet there but Mr. Baxendale, who—strange to say—had of late contracted a habit, in common with the elder Miss Burton, of perambulating —nominally in search of exercise—those particular lanes!

"Good afternoon," said Laurence, also trying to show a decorous amount of astonishment at finding Nancy in the very place where he had come to look for her.

"Good afternoon. I was just going to the post-office," explained Nancy, ignoring the impertinent fact that it took twice as long to go thither by the lanes as by the high road.

"So was I," exclaimed Laurence, likewise ignoring the equally impertinent fact that he was walking in precisely the contrary direction; but which of us, who has learned anything at all, has not discovered that very often the shortest way to a place takes us several miles in the opposite way? County Councils would compute distances more accurately than they do if they measured by companions instead of by mile-stones.

So Laurence turned with Nancy and walked beside her: which was the only sensible thing to do if he was really aiming at the post-office, as he would never have reached it by his original route—at least, not without going right round the world.

"After I have been to the post I want to walk up to Baxendale to speak to Mrs. Candy about something," he continued; "won't you come with me? It is a perfect afternoon for a walk."

"All right," agreed Nancy. (She was a very obliging young woman.) "I am always glad of an excuse to cultivate Mrs. Candy—or, rather, to let Mrs. Candy cultivate me."

"Mrs. Candy certainly repays research."

"Doesn't she? And I always make it my duty and my delight to research her."

"To dig for knowledge out of Mrs. Candy's stores is not an elaborate mining operation," said Laurence drily; "I never met a woman

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who found it so easy to begin talking and so difficult to stop."

"I never try to stop her: I feed upon every word she says."

"But don't you want to put your own oar in sometimes, Miss Burton? I should have imagined that silence was hardly your favourite rôle."

"Oh! I'm not a great talker."

"Ah! how appearances sometimes deceive," murmured Laurence under his breath.

Nancy laughed: "Well, not such a very great talker: at least I've met greater ones—once or twice."

"So have I; my dear mother, for instance, and the excellent Mrs. Candy; but that doesn't entirely exonerate you from the charge."

"You are very rude!"

"Indeed, I'm not: I'm exactly the reverse. I don't know which is the greater—my pleasure in the feats of great talkers, or my wonder at how the dickens they do it."

"Then don't you find it easy to talk?"

"By no means. You can't think how often I am on the verge of brain fever through scouring the hidden places of my mind for something to say and finding nothing."

"Poor thing! Now I never have to scour the hidden places of my mind for something to say."

"So I should have supposed."

"Every drawer and cupboard in my mind is so full of remarks that it simply won't shut; and the more I try to empty it by making the remarks, the fuller it seems to get."

"My envy of you even surpasses my admiration."

"But I know why you find it difficult to talk," remarked Nancy thoughtfully: "it is because you are so reserved, and reserve is the scourge of conversation."

"Ah!"

"I disapprove of reserve on principle," continued Nancy, shaking her head reprovingly; "and I consider it your besetting sin."

Laurence smiled: "Well, then, having diagnosed the complaint, won't you prescribe the remedy?"

"There's no remedy except just not being it—like Nora and me, you know. I tell everybody everything I think and feel; and that makes everybody comfortable and at home, don't you know?"

"Yes; naturally it would have that effect."

"And it makes people like you if you are unreserved," added Nancy wisely; "I've noticed that. Reserved people are never popular, because they are always inviting you to a mental Barmicide's feast; the dishes and plates are put before you with nothing on them, and you have only to pretend to eat. When you talk to reserved people there is all the outward show of actual conversation, but the dishes and plates are really empty and it is all a sham."

"That sounds very pretty. But it depends a little, does it not, on the nature of your thoughts and feelings, as to whether their publication would add to your popularity? In your case, no doubt, it would: but in mine—'I doubt it, said the carpenter, and shed a bitter tear'! Indeed, I put down any little popularity I may possess (small enough it is, goodness knows!) to the fact that people know so little of me. The more they knew my sentiments the more they would dislike me, I take it. Wherefore my reserve is perhaps as clever as your unreserve, Miss Burton. I can't pay it a higher compliment, can I?"

"Not a bit of it! That just shows how ignorant you are. If you are an angel and hide it, nobody will be really fond of you: I don't believe any one was ever really fond of an angel unawares. Angels unawares are esteemed but never loved; and it is a most uninteresting part to play."

"Perhaps."

These short answers of Mr. Baxendale's always irritated Nancy, as much as so good-tempered a young woman was capable of irritation. She was never quite sure whether he was laughing at her or with her—a most disquieting doubt. Neither, as a matter of fact, was he; she could hardly be blamed for not understanding him, when as yet he did not understand himself.

"Now, on the contrary, if you are a devil and say so," she continued, "everybody will be charmed with you, and think it is so sweet and dear of you to be so outspoken."

"Possibly."

"If I had wings and covered them, people would only say what a bad figure I had and how badly my clothes fitted: but if I had a cloven foot and went barefoot, everybody would smile and pity rather than blame; and if I went to the length of putting my feet on the table, the world would end by thinking them quite pretty, and pointed toes would entirely go out of fashion."

"Which shows that truth—like water—no longer lies at the bottom of a well, but is turned on to every house—in an unlimited supply—by certificated water-works. What an enlightened age we live in, and how thankful

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we ought to be to the goodness and the grace which smiled upon our birth with so subtle a sense of humour!"

Again that sense of irritation crept over Nancy. But she refused to be baulked by it, and continued bravely: "All English people are too reserved; it is the principal national fault."

"So you think foreign nations have more attractive shop-windows?"

"Rather! Well, you know how awfully difficult English girls are to talk to when first you are introduced?"

"I do; by most bitter and most exhaustive—not to say exhausting experience."

"Well, foreign girls aren't, simply because they are less reserved. I remember once, when we were in London, some Mexican people came to call upon us who had had dealings with father in business; and my heart sank when they were shown in, as I hadn't an idea what to say to them."

"Even you?"

"Yes, even me. It fell to my lot to talk to the daughter, a very handsome girl; so I began by asking, 'Have you any sisters?' A feeble opening, but the best I could think of on the spur of the moment."

"And what did she say?"

"Oh! she was delightful." And Nancy bubbled over with laughter at the remembrance. "She said, 'Yes, I have two sisters: and I will tell you all our love-affairs, and then you will feel that you know us thoroughly.' Wasn't it killing?' "

"Charmingly so. And what did she tell you?" In spite of all his resolutions not to grow too fond of her, Laurence never could resist the temptation to bring the laughter into Nancy's blue eyes.

"She said, 'In England you do not know how to love: you are too cold, and you have too much to interest you. In Mexico a woman has nothing to amuse her but to go to mass and to get married: but in England you have so much to amuse you that you have not time to do either of these."

"There is some truth in that," declared Laurence.

"There is. Then she went on, 'Now, in Mexico we do know how to love: and we always love a man who has no money.' I said I had known cases of that kind even in England." And Nancy looked slyly at Laurence through her long eyelashes, to see what effect this announcement had upon him.

But Laurence's heart was not within measurable distance of his sleeve, so he inquired stolidly: "Well, and what did the Mexican lady say to that?"

"She said, 'But we are very bad in Mexico; and when we find that the man is so poor that we cannot marry him, we fret and fret till we are quite ill; and the doctor says to our parents that we shall die unless they give us the money to marry this man. So then our parents give us the money, and we marry him, and are quite well.' "

"A most satisfactory conclusion," said Laurence piously: "and had the lady herself suffered in this fashion?"

"No; but her sister had. She told me, 'My sister was like that till my parents did give her the money to marry the man she loved; and now she writes to us that she used to have pains all over the body, but that now she has not a single pain in any limb.' So they know how to manage their affairs in Mexico, don't they, Mr. Baxendale?" And again Nancy looked through her eyelashes to discover the effect of this remark.

Again Laurence was equal to the glance: "So it seems."

"Don't you think we'd better do the post-office on our way back?" suggested Nancy, after a few moments' silent meditation upon the density of men in general and of Laurence in particular.

"Of course we had; what a happy idea! And now we can go straight to the Hall by the lanes and up the park without getting the dust of the high-road on our feet at all."

So the two young people threaded their way along the green bye-roads and then across the undulating park, till they reached the imposing front door which was crowned by the arms of the Baxendales; and as they went they talked by the way of all the trifling matters which are of no moment in themselves, but are of such absorbing importance in the mouth of the one person whose prerogative it is to turn life's smallest coins into gold and earth's commonest corners into Paradise.

Mrs. Candy gave them a hearty welcome. It was somewhat lonely up at Baxendale Hall, and the worthy matron was truly thankful when any listener chanced to come her way.

"I hope you enjoyed the village tea-meeting, Mrs. Candy," said Nancy, after Laurence had transacted his business with his caretaker; "I thought you seemed to be having a good time."

Mrs. Candy put her hands upon her hips, and considered for a moment; then she replied in the refined voice and with the clear-cut accent which are characteristic of all East-An-

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glians: "Well, Miss Burton, I wean't deceive yew. When I comes into Tetleigh school-room, I spreedes my hankyshire on my knees, and I looks up to see what there was t'eat."

"You considered the menu, in short," suggested Laurence.

"Precisely so, sir," replied Mrs. Candy, not in the least knowing what he meant, and so agreeing with him all the more readily; "well, when I looks up and sees nothin' but maunch-cake and buttered buns, I says to myself, says I, 'The Lord's will be done; if I must be ill I must.' So I takes both."

"I hope your resignation was rewarded," said Laurence.

"It were, sir, it were."

"And how are you to-day after it all?" Nancy asked.

Mrs. Candy shook her head: "Sadly, miss, very sadly. It's wind in the head, miss, wind in the head, and I'll tell yew how that happened. I was a-waiting on Mrs. Betts down at The Ways tew year come Michaelmas, and she was a paraletic, if you remember, miss."

"I remember her quite well; and I am bound to confess I never knew any one get so much pleasure out of paralysis as she did. She enjoyed to the full the minute description of every symptom."

"Well, miss, I was a-waitin' on her; and when she was a-comin' down stairs and a-leanin' on me, her feet slipped and she dreeve her elba' inta my side, and that dreeve the wind inta my head. So when I went to see t' doctor he says to me, says he, 'My gude wumman,' says he, 'yew should ha' come to me when that furst happened; now,' says he, 'I can't du' nothin'; that there wind have got inta yewr head,' he says, 'and it'll never come down, no, never no more.' That's what t' doctor says, miss, and that what's t' matter wi' me."

Nancy endeavoured to look as sympathetic as she was expected to look. "I am so sorry, Mrs. Candy; it must be a most uncomfortable feeling."

"It is, indeed, miss; and my poor feyther was just the same. Wind in the head is in our family, it is, from livin' so near the sea, and all them terrible gales. And Uncle Willum was bad just the same, tew. I remember when Uncle Willum was bad. Aunt Selina she says to me, 'Lizzie,' says she, 'I du wish as yewr uncle wud go one way or t'other; he do burn such a sight o' candle, and me rubbin' him up and down all the night wi' them imprecations.'"

"Did he finally recover?" asked Laurence politely.

"Not he, sir, not he: recoverin' is not in our family," replied Mrs. Candy, with slightly ruffled dignity; and Laurence felt that he had made a mistake. "At t' end I went to help Aunt Selina to nurse him. I give him his medicine at tew o'clock and he trew it up; I give him his medicine at three o'clock and he trew it up; I give him his medicine at four o'clock and he trew it up; at five o'clock he lay like a cabbage, and at six o'clock he went off like a bird."

"Dear me, how sad!" exclaimed Laurence; while Nancy looked out of the window to hide her emotion, which unfortunately was not of the right sort.

"And my childern were just the same," continued Mrs. Candy, inflated with the pride of race; "there wasn't one of 'em healthy—not one; and they all died afore they was turned five."

"Oh! I am so sorry," exclaimed Nancy, who was really sympathetic now. "How you must miss them!""

"I du, miss. I misses 'em and I wants 'em; but I misses 'em more than I wants 'em. They're a sight o' trouble, childern are; especially when they've wind in the head."

"But Candy looks strong enough," suggested Nancy, by way of consolation; "he must be a comfort to you."

Candy's spouse cheered up at once. "Eh! he's a wonnerful man, Candy is; I never knew his like for eatin' roley-poley pudden—never since I was born. T'other day Mrs. Fairfax sent us a roley-poley pudden up from The Ways: and when we sits down t'eat it, Candy says, says he, 'May the Lord bless this here pudden to my soul, and them as was the instigators of it.' And he eats it up every scrap. Eh! but he's a wonnerful man, Candy is, and he thinks a sight o' pudden, and has done iver since I first kep' company wi' him."

"A not inexplicable taste," said Laurence.

"I remember onst he was iver so put out at a village dinner in Tetleigh school-room, twenty year ago come next Christmas. There was roley-poley pudden, and Candy got a good slice. But—wud yew believe it, sir?—they give him his slice stark naked, with not a scrap o' jam, nor even o' syrup, to cover it. Oh! he was put about, Candy was, and no wonder."

"Where did you first meet him?" Nancy asked.

"Well, he were a gardener at Cromer Hall when I was in service at Overstrand. I had lots o' lovers in those days, bein' as I was tall wi' a nice pink colour; and Candy he came courtin' me."

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"And I suppose of all your lovers you liked him the best."

"Well, miss, I can't say exactly that; there was several as I liked quite as well as he, him never havin' been much of a one to look at."

"Then why did you finally choose him?"

"Well, miss, though Candy was never much of a one to look at, I heard as he was notable at cooking—the notablest man at cooking in all them parts. So I picked him: and I keeps him up to it, miss, I can tell yew."

Laurence smiled: "A most wise choice, Mrs. Candy! I think of selecting a wife along the same lines. But what did the rejected lovers do? Did they fling themselves and their broken hearts wholesale into the sea?"

Mrs. Candy bridled: "Well, sir, only tew days after I'd fixed on Candy, who should come a-courtin' me but Fison, him that was coachman up at t' Hall? And a much finer man he was than Candy, bein' better set up all round."

"Then, I suppose, in true feminine fashion, you rejected your choice, and expressed your readiness to exchange the small bird in your hand for the larger one just emerging from the bush."

"Well, sir, I says to Fison, 'Fison,' says I, 'I'm real sorry as I can't keep company wi' yew, yew bein' such a fine, well-set up man all round. But yew've come a day tew late: I'm bespoke.' "

"And how did Fison take the blow?"

"Well, sir, Fison says, says he, 'Lizzie,' he says, 'I'm rare sorry as I've come tew late; but there's as good fish in the sea as iver came out of it; and p'r'aps yew won't mind lookin' out for a nice girl for me, as there's no one as knows as well as yew ezactly what wud suit me.' "

"Did you look out for one?" asked Nancy; "I don't believe I should have done so, in your place. I think it is horrid when one's lovers fall in love with somebody else, even if one hasn't cared for them."

But Mrs. Candy was not made of such slight elements as Nancy. "In course I did, and found one just to his taste. A bright girl she was, Peggy Postern by name, our sexton's daughter, and one as had been the life of many a funeral in our parts. Eh! but she was a merry girl, Peggy was; and she attended every one of the funerals in Overstrand churchyard. I never knew such a girl for pleasure: if there was anything goin' on, she must be in it, must Peggy; and she'd go to the poorest funeral rather than stay quietly at home. Half a loaf's better than no bread, she'd used to say when I passed the remark that a funeral wi' no mournin' coaches wasn't no better than no funeral at all."

"Miss Postern seems to have been somewhat of a philosopher," remarked Mr. Baxendale; but he had not time to say any more before Mrs. Candy went on: "But I was a-tellin' yew about Candy when he come courtin' me. He never wud walk intimate wi' me—arm in arm, yew knows—because he said as it looked soft-like to show as yew was that gone on a wumman; and I thought it looked soft-like for a wumman to keep company wi' a man as wasn't that gone on her. But I just made no fuss, but bided my time. It never will du no good to make a fuss wi' a man: if yew just waits and lets him have his own way, he'll punish hisself in time."

"And did Candy punish himself?"

"He did, miss. For when we comes to a stile with nobody a-lookin' on, Candy he says, says he, 'My lass!' he says, 'I'll help yew over this.' 'No,' says I, 'if yew won't walk intimate when folks is a-lookin' and there's some credit in it, yew shan't help me over stiles when there's nobody by.' And I never let him—not once—till we was married; though he went on his bended knees, he did, about it. Eh! but he's a notable man, is Candy, for hidin' his feelings when folks is by and showin' 'em when they're no credit to nobody."

Nancy thoroughly sympathised with the speaker. "How awfully trying! It would make me simply furious if I'd a husband that behaved like that."

"It's tryin', as yew say, miss; but most things is trying in this world, and so they're meant to be, for some wise purpose which we don't understand now, and maybe niver shall. But its's the queer ways o' men that give yew somethin' to think about, when it's bad weather and yew've no neighbours droppin' in whiles. Why, I'd as soon be an old maid wi' a stuffed canary bird as have a husband as was as easy to see through as another wumman. That's the bewty o' married life; yew can never tell what your man'll do next nor what mischief he'll be up tu—no, not even if yew've got such a man as Candy to deal with. But yew know as whatever he does it'll turn out for the best."

"Come upstairs," said Laurence to Nancy, "and have a look at the library. I happen to have the key in my pocket."

"Do you always keep it locked up?" she asked as she followed him up the wide oak staircase.

"Yes; always. I don't want to have good Mrs. Candy pottering about with a candle

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among all those priceless old books. The house is insured for a hundred thousand pounds, and the value lies chiefly in the library; the rest of the furniture isn't worth much."

"A hundred thousand pounds? What a lot of money!"

"Oh! the library is worth far more; in fact, some of the prints and first editions are practically priceless. I am strictly forbidden by my grandfather's will to sell a single book or print, or to lessen the amount of the insurance. But it seems a lot, as you say, and especially when I have to pay for it out of my already very limited income."

And then Laurence unlocked the massive oak door, and spent a delightful hour in showing Nancy some of his rare treasures.

"I did not know you were so fond of old books," he said as they walked home together.

"Oh! I simply revel in them. I should like to spend a month in that library, and never put my nose out-of-doors the whole time."

"If you would really like it I could let you have a key to the library, and then you could go and sit there whenever you wished."

Nancy's eyes sparkled with delight. "How sweet of you! I should simply adore it."

"Then you shall have one with pleasure; and I'll lend you a key of the house as well, so that if Mrs. Candy happens to be out and the house locked up you can still go in and up to the library. Only be careful to lock it all up again after you."

"Oh! I'll be careful, awfully careful, I promise."

"Then that's all right," replied Laurence, experiencing a thrill of delight at having it in his power to give Nancy pleasure.

And he delivered the two keys into her hands that very day.

CHAPTER V.

ANTHONY'S SUGGESTION.

What is greater than the king?—
Perfect knowledge of a thing.
What than state is more immense?—
Of a surety, common sense.

All the next day Nancy went about singing and making melody in her heart.

There is something strangely delightful in the beginning of anything—in that early dawn of fresh joy, while the new-born interest is as yet too nebulous to have attached to itself the inevitable cares and responsibilities which cannot fail to come later; when the object of our regard is already dear enough to make us happy by being present, but not yet sufficiently dear to make us miserable by going away. A land "where everlasting spring abides" means something far more than eternally green fields and budding trees; it means a land where disillusionment can never brush away the dew of the morning, and where the pearly haze of dawn shall never be dispersed. "Behold! I make all things new!" does not prophesy that once and for all the house not made with hands shall be refurnished according to the latest improvements; nay, it rather foretells that the mystic gladness of spring and of morning shall no longer be the transient delight which now it is, but shall become a part of that everlasting joy which shall one day crown the heads of those who are counted worthy to attain unto it.

The first dawn of love was just now transfiguring the world for Nancy Burton. Later on the sorrow came which is the inseparable companion of all earthly bliss; but at present Laurence appeared to her as the embodiment of human happiness. In later days she laughed bitterly at the remembrance of how marvellously happy she believed she was going to be, before disappointment had taught her how little it is wise to expect from life: but as yet all things were hers, because she was gradually making the wonderful discovery—that discovery whereby the most ordinary mortals for once in their life throw Columbus into the shade—that she loved and was loved in return.

Possibly if the immortal Christopher had penetrated a little further into the future—if he had foreseen the horror of the great American war for which he was paving the way—he would have turned his galleon round and gone ingloriously home again: and, in the same way, if all the women who make the other great discovery could perceive what heart-burnings and heart-rendings they were thereby preparing for themselves, they, too, would turn affrighted from the unknown land. But if Columbus had seen further still—if he had seen the mighty kingdom which was to grow up on the farther shore of that sea of blood, filling the earth with its knowledge and glory, he would have gone on rejoicing and unafraid: and, likewise, if those fond souls who are preparing for their own footsteps the sorrowful way could see the very end of the road, they, too, would go hopefully forward, knowing that only such as have sown in tears shall reap the full joy of the eternal harvest.

Nancy was too happy to stay indoors, so she walked down in the morning to Ways Hall to see Faith; on her way she met Lady Alicia.

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"Good morning, dear Miss Burton," said her ladyship, in whom the neighbourly spirit had not yet evaporated: "may I turn and walk with you? I am taking my daily constitutional, which I always think is so very, very necessary if one wishes to be kept in health: and health is so very beautiful, don't you think?"

"I don't know about its being beautiful: but it is very jolly," Nancy replied, trying hard to remember that Lady Alicia was Laurence's mother, and therefore not meet to be made fun of.

"And illness is very beautiful, too," Lady Alicia went on: "I often think that thinness and the hectic flush suggest such touching and elevating thoughts. I always wish that it had been my lot to be thrown with people whose illnesses were beautiful and improving to the character. But my poor dear husband's were quite the reverse."

"Tell me about him," besought Nancy, whose thirst for information regarding the house of Baxendale was hourly increasing.

"Oh! there is nothing to tell you, my dear; he was quite a prosaic and commonplace character, so different from me, who am simply overflowing with poetry and romance. I often think what a pathetic picture it must have been to see a highly-strung, sensitive young girl like myself tied to a hard-headed, hard-hearted man, such as Mr. Baxendale."

"But are you sure that he was as hard-hearted as he seemed? Often people appear unfeeling when they are only shy and reserved, and all the time that they seem so cold they are suffering most intensely."

Lady Alicia drew herself up: "My dear, of course I am sure. Is it likely that a man's own wife would not understand him? And, besides, Mr. Baxendale was a very easy person to understand; he wasn't complex as I am, but just straightforward and matter-of-fact, with—I am sorry to say—a sad habit of making fun of things."

"I am afraid that is rather a weakness of mine," remarked Nancy humbly.

"Then, my dear, struggle against it and suppress it at all costs. To my mind there is nothing so vulgar as a sense of humour; it coarsens the finest natures and throws a horrible, amusing light upon things which in themselves are quite beautiful and serious. And I always think it is so elevating to take life seriously—a thing which my dear husband seemed constitutionally unable to do; and I fear poor Laurence is not much better."

Before Nancy had time to take up the cudgels on Laurence's behalf, she and Lady Alicia had reached the door of Ways Hall; but all the same, her heart was hot within her as she realised how completely his mother misunderstood him, and she longed passionately to make up to him in some way for all that he had missed in life. Suddenly she realised—by what means she could not say—how much the sensitive father and son had been to each other, and what a terrible blank the death of his father had left in the life of Laurence Baxendale.

When women of the Nancy Burton type admire a man they are fairly safe: it is only when they begin to pity him that their hearts are in jeopardy.

Mrs. Fairfax and Faith were sitting out on the verandah at the back of the house, and their visitors joined them there. The verandah at Ways Hall was quite an institution. Faith and her mother principally lived in it for the greater part of the year. It occupied the whole length of the house on the south side, and had a stone roof supported by handsome stone pillars. Each end was of glass, lined with rows of rare plants in pots; so that there was no admittance to any manner of wind save a south one; while all the sunshine in the garden collected itself in the verandah, as cream collects itself at the top of a can of milk. Therefore there were few days in the year when the verandah at Ways Hall was not suitable for habitation.

Mrs. Fairfax and Faith loved their garden; and in return their garden educated them as only well-loved gardens can educate men and women. The cares of this world and the deceitfulness of riches find a powerful antidote in a garden; for those who abide near the heart of Nature learn from her lessons of peace and patience which she does not teach to her more bustling children. Now, as of old, the Lord God walks in the garden in the cool of the day and communes with them who have ears to hear; and well for those who hearken unto His voice as it speaks to them through the trees of the garden and the flowers of the field of laws that cannot be broken and of promises that must be fulfilled!

"I have made a new fernery," said Mrs. Fairfax, after she had greeted her visitors in her old-world manner and Faith had carried Nancy off for a girlish confabulation, "and I wish you to see it, Alicia, when you have rested a while."

"Oh, how delightful!" exclaimed Lady Alicia; "to my mind there are few things more beautiful and suggestive than ferns.

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They always seem to me like graceful women who have charm rather than actual beauty; and there is nothing more interesting than charm, don't you think?—so attractive and yet so elusive."

"I have arranged that all the water from the garden should drain into the fernery and so run into the lake," continued Mrs. Fairfax.

Lady Alicia and the mistress of Ways Hall always enjoyed a conversation with each other—for the good reason that each talked of her own concerns, utterly regardless of what the other was saying; which resulted in the equal satisfaction of both.

"And flowers are suggestive, too," Lady Alicia went on; "I once had a beautiful idea that it would be so sweet for people to try and copy the flowers which grow in the month when their birthdays are."

"It has the same effect as a dropping-well; the water trickles down a rockery covered with ferns and forms itself into a stream at the bottom."

"That is why I am always so much interested to find out in what month people's birthdays fall; then I know what type of character they should aim at. And it is so sweet to have an aim in life, I think; it gives one something to think of in the winter evenings and on Sundays."

"And over the stream I have built a rustic wooden bridge; it is extremely pretty now, and will be far more so when the creepers which I have trained over it are fully grown."

"My birthday, you see, is in October; and I have always tried to copy chrysanthemums by dressing in those sweet art shades, and by showing myself a friend for dark and cold days rather than for sunny ones. That is so touching in chrysanthemums, I think: they come just when one is sad and lonely and the bedding-out plants are all gone. And that is such a beautiful allegory of friendship—to visit people when they are in trouble rather than in their prosperous days."

"I am not sure whether I shall be able to keep some of the ferns out-of-doors all the winter; I fear it would be a risk for those that I brought from abroad, and even for some of those that came from Devonshire. You see, the frosts here are somewhat severe."

"I remember when dear Mildred Swain married her curate—such a sweet young man, with a lovely complexion and no money, just like a girl!—I proposed a month's visit to them immediately in their dear little home; and I took my maid with me to show that their being poor made no difference to me."

"Exactly what a chrysanthemum would have done in the circumstances," remarked Mrs. Fairfax, for the first time paying attention to what her companion was saying.

Her ladyship smiled complacently: jokes were things undreamed of in her philosophy. "My dear Emilia, how quickly you grasp an idea! You and I always have so much in common!"

Mrs. Fairfax laughed. In her day she had been a greater beauty than her friend, and Lady Alicia's little elegancies were completely lost upon her.

"Then," continued the latter, "I think it is so nice for people whose birthdays are in April to cultivate humility and try to copy the dear little modest violets."

"What nonsense, Alicia! If there is one virtue more objectionable than another, that virtue is humility. It is a most tiresome and aggravating attribute."

Lady Alicia fairly gasped: "My dear Emilia!"

"I mean what I say. There are no people who give so much trouble in the world as the unassuming, deprecating people: their humility is far more aggressive in reality than the conceit of the most conceited."

"But, dear, dear Emilia, think how beautiful true humility is, and how altogether sweet and Christian."

"I don't care; I simply detest it. The conceited person calls upon you, and comes in and bores you for a quarter of an hour and that is the end of him: but the deprecating person rings the bell and won't come in, and so you have to go and talk to him in the hall; which is always a most wearisome thing to do."

"But don't you think we should rather look at the spirit which prompts an action than at the action itself? I always endeavour to do so; it seems to make life so much more beautiful and full of meaning."

"My dear Alicia, it is the actions and not the meanings that give trouble to other people."

"Still, we should always endeavour to enter into another person's feelings, and to look at things from another's point of view."

"Then the other person should likewise try to enter into our feelings, and look at things from our point of view: and if he did he would quickly discover that his humility is not a matter of sufficient importance to entail any trouble on the part of persons to whom his spiritual vicissitiudes are incidents of supreme indifference."

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Lady Alicia sighed profoundly: "Alas! how hard you are. Had you my delicate and refined nature you would enter into the feelings of those dear, human, sensitive plants, and admire, instead of abusing, their modesty."

"Extremely humble people always have a little tickling cough, you will notice; and if there is one thing that irritates me more than another it is a little tickling cough. Yet I never met a truly unassuming person without one."

Lady Alicia was busy preparing a suitable platitude whereby to silence the doubting spirit of her friend when the two girls joined their elders.

"Faith and I are regretting that to-morrow is Sunday," exclaimed Nancy, sinking into a seat: "we were planning a picnic without thinking, and suddenly the Sabbath rose up and hit us full in the face."

"Ah! I, too, find Sunday rather a dull and depressing day," said Lady Alicia plaintively; "but I always try to observe it for the servants' sake. It is so bad for them to see people of our class enjoying themselves upon a Sunday; so I always stretch a point in order to make the day as dull as possible. And, after all, there is something very English and suggestive in a dull Sunday: it makes one feel like a Radical or a Roman Catholic or something dreadful of that sort if one does anything amusing on a Sunday afternoon."

"I heard of a lovely new Sunday game the other day," remarked Nancy, with dangerous demureness, her love of mischief exorcising for the moment her sense of the relationship between Lady Alicia and Laurence.

"What was that, my dear?" asked Mrs. Fairfax, who enjoyed Nancy's jokes only one degree less than Lady Alicia's reception of them. The proverbial duck's back, clothed in a mackintosh to make assurance doubly sure, would be less impervious to water than was Lady Alicia's consciousness to anything in the shape of humour.

"First of all the men went to one end of the room and all the girls to the other; and the girls were Christians and the men were heathens."

"That sounds Sunday enough," said Faith.

"It is beautiful, dear child, quite beautiful," agreed Lady Alicia; "to my mind there is something very touching and picturesque about heathens and people of that sort. I always think of them standing under palm trees on the edge of a river, looking as if they were just going to bathe. I remember once saying to Laurence that the Serpentine on a summer's evening reminded me of missionary magazines. I thought it a most beautiful and poetical simile, but Laurence merely laughed, though I had not the least intention of being amusing; but he has unfortunately no eye for the allegorical and suggestive."

Mrs. Fairfax's handsome dark eyes twinkled: "Go on about the Sunday game, my dear," she said.

"Well, the object of the game was to induce the heathens to embrace Christianity."

"Good gracious, child, what will you say next?" exclaimed Mrs. Fairfax. But she laughed all the same.

Not so Lady Alicia: "Ah! how sweet and beautiful—and just what should be done in everyday life. I think it would be so nice if all the nations—even the Boers and the Chinese and dreadful people of that kind—were to embrace Christianity. It might steady them down a bit, don't you know? and make war quite a pleasure instead of a pain. There is nothing so really soothing and improving as Christianity: I know for my part it makes me feel so contented and pleased with myself all Monday and Tuesday if I have made an effort and walked to church and back on Sunday morning."

At tea that afternoon Nancy regaled her always appreciative family circle with a graphic account, which did not lose anything in the telling (Nancy's tales never did), of how Lady Alicia had received the story of the Sunday game.

"After all," remarked Anthony, when their laughter had subsided, "it must be rather a tight fit for Baxendale to be always obliged to keep a tame mother like that hanging about the premises. If I'd a mother of that kind I should try to get her received into an orphan home or a shoeblack brigade or some other similar charitable institution which would take the sweet creature off my hands."

"She must be a trial to him," added Nora, "because Mr. Baxendale is so clever himself. Mr. Arbuthnot was saying only yesterday that he thought, taking him all round, Laurence Baxendale was the cleverest person he had ever met."

Anthony sat upright in his chair and gazed thoughtfully at his cousin: "So our dear young vicar is beginning to take people all round, is he? I shall have to keep my paternal eye open, or else he will be taking you all round, my beloved Nora; and then what will mamma and the parish say?"

"Tony, don't be an idiot;" and Nora blushed

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so becomingly that it was a pity there was no man but a relation to see it.

"Can't help it, my love: we are all idiots in our family; it is too late to change, as the man said when he got home and found he had received twenty shillings for half-a-sovereign."

"Well, anyhow I wish you wouldn't start foolish gossip about me and the vicar," expostulated Nora.

"*Mens conscia recti*—a mind conscious of the rector—(only in this case it is the vicar, but the principle is the same)—is independent of, because superior to, parochial gossip," murmured Anthony.

Nora changed the subject, returning to her original muttons: "Mr. Baxendale was considered an awful swell up at Oxford, Faith says; he passed all his examinations splendidly."

"Examinations," remarked Anthony pensively, "are considered, by the uninitiated, to be a method of discovering the ignorances of the examined: but the initiated recognise them as a means of displaying the pedantries of the examiner."

"Mr. Baxendale has lots of things to bother him," said Nancy: "of course his mother is a trial; and then he is so frightfully poor. I think it is having to pay such an enormous fire insurance that pinches them so."

"Do they pay such a big insurance?" Nora asked: "how horrid!"

"As far as I can make out," replied Nancy, "they have insured the house and the books and the whole concern for a hundred thousand pounds. How much a year would they have to pay for that, Tony?"

"I can't tell exactly, as they'd insure the house and the furniture and the books and the pictures separately: but I should think it would tote up to something between a hundred and a hundred and fifty a year."

"That's a lot for people who have only about five hundred a year to begin with, isn't it?"

"It is, my dear Nancy. If I were friend Baxendale, I'd chuck the whole concern, and pocket my entire income myself, such as it is."

"But he can't, you see," Nancy explained; "it's put in the entail, or something of that kind, that the library is part of the estate and may not be broken up or sold; and that every Baxendale who inherits the property shall go on with the full fire insurance, because of that old prophecy. The tradition says that Baxendale Hall should be burned down 'First by the king and then by the state;' and so it has been. So the last part is sure to come true also, and the Baxendales have to be prepared for that."

"And it has got to be burned the third time by something 'which is thrice as great' as the king and the state, and 'a thousandfold stronger and higher;' I wonder what that will be," said Nora.

"Common sense, I should think," replied her cousin; "if I were Baxendale I should quietly put a match to the family roof-tree when nobody was looking and so save the annual hundred and fifty, and pocket the hundred thousand pounds in addition."

Nora laughed. "Oh! Tony, what an idea!"

"It is a very good one."

"But if Mr. Baxendale did such a thing he'd be punished by law," persisted Nora.

"Of course he would if he was found out, my dear child: but that would be a mistake on his part. He should just light a cigarette in the charming old library and throw away the match, and the thing is done."

"Really, Tony, what nonsense you do talk!" exclaimed Nancy.

"And if his maternal parent was included in the ruins thereof it would be a benefit to the whole neighbourhood," added Anthony: "excepting that burned goose-quills make such a horrid smell."

And then he went on to talk—equally foolishly—of other things, forgetting his suggestion of arson as soon as it was uttered.

But Nancy did not forget: she was not cast in the forgetful mould.

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THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE

THE SHIP OF SILENCE, AND OTHER POEMS. By Edward Uffington Valentine. Indianapolis: The Bowen-Merrill Company.

There is a classification of lyric poetry too often neglected in criticism; perhaps because it seems, at first blush, psychological rather than critical—poetry inspired by the occasion, when we feel the poet driven to expression by something which has crossed his path—something which he would not tell us, and yet must sing in spite of himself. The monumental example is Catullus's

Odi et amo. Quare id faciam fortasse requiris;
Nescio, sed fieri sentio et excrucior.

Such is the highest achievement of lyric verse. Again, there is the poetry of a poetic mood. Here the inspiration does not furnish the theme. The mind does that, and not the heart. The poet feels he must sing, and casts about him for a subject. The result may be a religious hymn, an ode to tobacco, or a love-song. And still, the poems may be very estimable indeed—quite indistinguishable often from the flowering of the impulse born of an occasion. Finally, there is the product of a deliberate resolve to write a poem—only the result is seldom poetry. It is verse, turned out as "part of the day's work."

If the largest portion of Mr. Valentine's offering does not belong in the first of these classes, a very small part, at any rate, is in the last.

The range of subjects is wide, even for a collection covering more than a hundred and fifty pages. The arrangement, too, is good. "The Ship of Silence," which gives the book its name, something under a hundred lines of blank verse, appears first. This poem strikes the keynote of the entire volume—dissatisfaction, a longing for something which is not, and never was. Pressed just a little harder, it would sound the depth of this tone of sadness, the might have been. But Mr. Valentine forbears; and wisely, because the tone of sadness runs very delicately through the body of the poems. Often it is only one minor note in a brilliant harmony, one sprig of heliotrope in a bunch of roses; so that one is scarcely aware of it until the attention is directed. So in the poems entitled "To a Daffodil Maid," "A Madrigal," and "Love's Meeting," where a sympathetic nature furnishes the tone in question. Often the poem rings with joyousness, apparently unalloyed until we reach the end, and then the whole effect is modified, tinged with the same note of sadness. As in "Helios," the opening lines of which:

> What riots hath the golden god
> Who triumphs o'er the drowsy dale,

contrast with the closing:

> He sends them forth against despites—
> To every wight that grieves!

Once more, in "The Spirit of the Wheat," a highly imaginative bit of apocryphal mythology, in which we are introduced to the spirit:

> A milky shoulder's dip and gleam,
> Or arms that clasp upon the air,
> An upturned face's rosy dream,
> Half blinded by its sunlit hair.

But with the advent of the reapers:

> Alas! it is divine farewell;
> A sighing ebbs along the wheat;
> Borne onward by a golden swell,
> She fades against the wrinkling heat.

"The Ship of Silence" is a religious allegory, conceived in the spirit of the Middle Ages. St. Augustine and St. Anthony yearned for the ideal of asceticism Mr. Valentine is here reaching after:

> So through the lonely vigils of the night,
> The Vow constrained me, and the face of Christ.
> But healed not, nay, or held me at the last,
> For all my fasting and the bloody scourge.
> And I grew blind unto the whitening dawn,
> And found no calm within the quiet noon,
> In sunset waters and the lulling foam.

And it is because Mr. Valentine's yearning

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is more æsthetic that it appears to us the stronger. But, after all, there is another poem, farther on in the collection, as far in subject-matter from "The Ship of Silence" as can be, where the same longing will appeal to most of us more strongly still. "Souvenir de Danseuse" is addressed to the slipper of a coryphee, the sole remembrance of an *affaire* that is past and gone. It is in the atmosphere of Mr. Robert W. Chambers's "Latin Quarter."* The single taste we get here makes us wish our author has left space for something more of the same *genre*.

What other fool can fit you,
Since she fled who did outwit you,
She who robbed you of her fairy tread, its warm and rosy throb?
(Ah, I never guessed it parting,
When I saw that tear-drop starting,
Caught a wilful glance she cast me, heard the gathering, girlish sob!)

* * * * * * *

We have both outlived our uses,
Time's rebuffs and love's abuses;
Dead our dreams and days of pleasure—with the laughter of her lips.

* * * * * * *

In your emptiness pathetic,
There's a seeming quite prophetic,
For my heart that once she filled so well, is old and empty, too!"

*In *With the Band*. New York: Stone and Kimball. 1896.

A word about the technique must not be omitted. One might look for a greater variety of metre. Occasionally, too, the resort to artifice is too marked, as, for instance, the alliteration in the following:

Bare is my life as the naked bough,
Bent by the wailing blast!
Oh, ghosts that gleam from the passionate past,
Pleading for joy that is sped—*

But the general impression conveyed by the versification is made up of the two crowning virtues, ease and strength. The freedom and swing of the following are worthy of especial notice:

And my idle love lets the brown sheep wander,
And her head leans back, and our hearts beat free;
And together we claim the whole sea yonder,
(A sail for her, and the gull for me!)†

There are many things which are here left unsaid, and they would be by way of praise. The few points upon which to hang carping criticism, we believe, have been exhausted. Mr. Valentine's book recommends itself to the verse-loving public as a sincere and skilful effort in the field of lyric poetry.

Alison M. Lederer.

*"Leaf and Love."
†"A Tryst."

THE BOOK MART

EASTERN LETTER.

New York, April 1, 1902.

Interest in bookselling during March centred largely in fiction and, outside of the continued demand for *Audrey*, in the publications of the month, which were above the average both as to size and character. Previous announcement and extensive advertising brought a considerable list of new titles into immediate popularity, from which it is difficult to make a selection for special mention, but *The Conqueror*, by Gertrude Atherton, *The Battle Ground*, by Ellen Glasgow, *The Crimson Wing*, by H. C. Chatfield-Taylor, and *The Leopard's Spots*, by Thomas Dixon, Jr., were at once in much demand, and these were closely followed in point of sale by *Dorothy South*, by George Cary Eggleston, *Hester Blair*, by William Henry Carson, and *Rockhaven*, by Charles Clark Munn, a notable list of leaders for one month.

Of the older novels *The Crisis* and *The Right of Way*, which is shortly to be dramatised, maintain their exceptional popularity. *The History of Sir Richard Calmady* and *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch* showed no signs of declining sales, while with exceptional advertising, *The Valley of Decision*, by Edith Wharton, obtained an increased demand.

Miscellaneous works of the month were very numerous, and covered a great variety of subjects In biography, *Napoleon: A Sketch of His Life, Character, Struggles and Achieve-*

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ments, by Thomas E. Watson, was favourably received, and bids fair to equal in popularity this author's previous book on *The Story of France. The Next Great Awakening,* by Josiah Strong, was the most important recent addition to religious literature. *A Satchel Guide to Europe,* by W. J. Rolfe, made its annual appearance and entered into the sales of guide books for the month. That the fad of the day is always participated in in publishing was demonstrated by the appearance of two books on ping-pong, *The Game, and How to Play It,* by Arnold Parker, and *Rules and History of the Game,* by F. Hammatt Norton, both of which are meeting with ready sales.

From now on a revival in the sales of out-of-door literature may be looked for. During the last few years a great number of works covering many features of this subject has been accumulated, and already there bids fair to be a considerable addition in this season's publications, notably *Nestlings of Forest and Marsh,* by Irene G. Wheelock, and *According to Season,* new edition, while from former years such authorities as *How to Know the Wild Flowers, Bird Neighbors,* and *With the Wild Flowers* may be expected to renew their sales.

Business for the month just past continued in good volume, and while some unfavourable reports were made, there is no doubt but trade as a whole was fully up to, if not above, the average for the time of year. The efforts of the American Publishers' Association to maintain the published price of net books and the fixed price of new fiction continues, to the unquestioned satisfaction of the general bookseller and the discomfort of the few who are disposed to deviate from the rules.

The most popular selling books for the month of March are as follows:

Audrey. Mary Johnston. $1.50.
The Right of Way. Gilbert Parker. $1.50.
The Crisis. Winston Churchill. $1.50.
The House with the Green Shutters. George Douglas. $1.50.
The Man from Glengarry. Ralph Connor. $1.50.
Kate Bonnet. Frank R. Stockton. $1.50.
Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Alice Caldwell Hegan. $1.00.
The History of Sir Richard Calmady. Lucas Malet. $1.50.
The Crimson Wing. H. C. Chatfield-Taylor. $1.50.
The Valley of Decision. Edith Wharton. 2 vols. $2.00.
The Methods of Lady Walderhurst. Frances Hodgson Burnett. $1.25.
The Conqueror. Gertrude Atherton. $1.50.
D'ri and I. Irving Bacheller. $1.50.
Hester Blair. William Henry Carson. $1.50.
The Fifth String. John Philip Sousa. $1.25.

WESTERN LETTER.

CHICAGO, April 1, 1902.

March business fully maintained the high average that has obtained of late, and the record of the month's trade is a fairly good one. There is no particular element of novelty in the demand at present, but the market seems stable and the outlook is strong and encouraging. Country trade was brisk last month, the demand for the "best selling books" being the leading feature. Library trade was also good, even for the spring season (which is usually lively), and large quantities of miscellaneous literature went out in that direction.

Most of the new spring books which have appeared so far are going very well, *Audrey* having been perhaps the greatest success, taking numbers sold as a criterion. Popular interest in the fashionable novels of the hour does not appear to be on the wane at all; in fact, on the other hand, it seems to be increasing; for more copies of a leading novel are sold nowadays during the first week or so after publication than ever before since the vogue of the popular book commenced.

Several forthcoming books announced for publication this month are meeting with a good deal of advance call, and these inquiries are especially numerous for *The Hound of the Baskervilles* and *Dorothy Vernon.*

It is somewhat remarkable and perhaps significant that the greater part of the successful novels published this spring have been written by women. In support of this, attention may be called among others to such popular favourites, as *Audrey, The Conqueror, The Battle Ground, The Valley of Decision, The Methods of Lady Walderhurst,* and *The Thrall of Lief the Lucky.*

Nature and outdoor books are now being called for, and will soon, as the spring advances, be quite a feature of business. The increasing demand for this class of books is quite remarkable.

The sale of *Audrey* kept up fairly well last month, and other popular favourites, such as *The Right of Way, The Crisis,* and *The Man from Glengarry,* went very well A new candidate for front rank appeared in *The Thrall of Lief the Lucky.* This book is going right well, and aside from other merits, is remarkable as an object lesson of the excellence of mechanical detail that it is possible to attain in an ordinary dollar and a half novel.

The House with the Green Shutters, The Leopard Spots, and *The Valley of Decision* are deserving of mention on account of excellence of sale. The numerical order of the books which sold best last month is as follows:

Audrey. By Mary Johnston. $1.50.
The Right of Way. By Gilbert Parker. $1.50.
The Thrall of Lief the Lucky. By Ottilie Liliencranz. $1.50.
The Crisis. By Winston Churchill. $1.50.
The Man from Glengarry. By Ralph Connor. $1.50.
Kate Bonnet. By F. R. Stockton. $1.50.
The House with Green Shutters. By Geo. Douglas. $1.50.
The Methods of Lady Walderhurst. By Frances H. Burnett. $1.25.
The Fifth String. By John Philip Sousa. $1.25.

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The Leopard's Spots. By Thomas Dixon. $1.50.
The Cavalier. By George W. Cable. $1.50.
Lazarre. By Mary H. Catherwood. $1.50.
D'ri and I. By Irving Bacheller. $1.50.
The Valley of Decision. By Edith Wharton. 2 vols. $2.00.
Sir Richard Calmady. By Lucas Malet. $1.50.
Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. By Alice C. Hegan. $1.00.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

NEW YORK.

Abbey Press:
The Church of St. Bunco. Gordon Clark.
The Orphean Tragedy. E. S. Creamer.
How Men are Made. Daniel H. Martin.
The Wonders of Mouseland. E. E Childs.
Mabel Thornley. R. C. Baily.
The Lady of New Orleans. M. E. Thornton.
The First Years of the Life of the Redeemed After Death. W. C. Ulyat.

American Book Company:
The Elements of Political Economy. J. L. Laughlin.

Appleton and Company:
A History of Ancient Greek Literature. H. N. Fowler.
Scarlet and Hyssop. E. F. Benson.

Baker and Taylor Company:
The Great Awakening. Josiah Strong.

Buckles and Company:
A Millionaire's Love Story. Guy Boothby.

Century Company:
The Little Brother. Josiah Flynt.
Hohenzollern. C. T. Brady.

Collier and Son:
A History of the Nineteenth Century Year by Year. E. Emerson, Jr. (Volumes I., II., and III.)

Dodd, Mead and Company:
Miscellanies. Austin Dobson.
Spindle and Plough. Mrs Henry Dudeney.
Flower and Thorn. Beatrice Whitby.
Michael Ross, Minister. Annie E. Holdsworth.
Sister Beatrice and Ardiane and Barbe Bleu. M. Maeterlinck.
Ellen Terry and Her Sisters. T. D. Pemberton.
None but the Brave. Hamblen Sears.
St. Francis of Assisi. Sic Addresses in Lent by the Rev. J. H. McIlvaine.
Thomas Henry Huxley. Edward Clodd.

Doubleday, Page and Company:
The Leopard's Spots. Thomas Dixon, Jr.
The Battle Ground. Ellen Glasgow.
The Mystery of the Sea. Bram Stoker.
American Masters of Painting. C. H. Caffin.
Our Literary Deluge. Francis W. Halsey.
Little Masterpieces. Edited by Bliss Perry. (Milton, Swift, Goldsmith, Emerson, Johnson, Bacon.)

Dutton and Company:
The Victoria History of the Counties of England, Hampshire, and the Isle of Wight.

Fenno and Company:
The Sin of Jasper Standish. Rita.

Fords, Howard and Hulbert:
Good Cheer Nuggets. Edited by Jeanne G. Pennington.

Funk and Wagnalls Company:
The Black Cat Club. James D. Corrothers.
How to Get Acquainted With God. T. F. Seward.
Windows for Sermons. Louis A. Banks.
Training the Church of the Future. Francis E. Clark.

Grafton Press:
The Land of Nome. Lanier McKee.

Harpers:
Wild Life of Orchard and Field. Ernest Ingersoll.
The Beau's Comedy. Beulah Marie Dix and C. A. Harper.
The Dark o' the Moon. S. R. Crockett.
The Captain of the Gray Horse Troop. Hamlin Garland.

Grosset and Dunlap:
The Life of Power. Isaac Allerton.

Holt and Company:
The Winding Road. Elizabeth Godfrey.
The Assassins. Nevill Myers Meakin.

Houghton, Mifflin and Company:
Audrey. Mary Johnston.
A Dog of Flanders and the Nürnberg Stove. Louise De La Ramee.
Twelfth Night. Edited by R. G. White, and furnished with additional notes by Helen Gray Cone.
The Son of a Fiddler. Jeannette Lee.
Tuscan Sculpture. Estelle M. Hurll.

Jenkins:
Simple Rules for Bridge. K. N. Steele.

Lane:
Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam. Richard Le Gallienne.
India's Love Lyrics. Laurence Hope.
A Long Duel. Mrs. W. K. Clifford.
Of Gardens. An Essay. Francis Bacon.
A Roman Mystery. Richard Bagot.

League for Political Education:
A Political Primer of New York City and State. A. M. Fielde.

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Longmans, Green and Company:
Charlotte. L. B. Walford.

Macmillan Company:
The Development of Cabinet Government in England. M. T. Blauvelt.
The Conqueror. Gertrude Franklin Atherton.
A Short History of Germany. E. F. Henderson. (Volumes I. and II.)
The Level of Social Motion. M. A. Lane.
Mrs. Seely's Cook-Book. Mrs. L. Seely.
The Italian Renaissance in England. L. Einstein.
Commonwealth or Empire. G. Smith.
Democracy and Social Ethics. Jane Addams.
Crime in Its Relation to Social Progress. A. C. Hall.

McClure, Phillips and Company:
The Simple Life. Charles Wagner.
The Madness of Philip. Josephine D. Daskam.
Next to the Ground. Martha McCulloch-Williams.
The Blazed Trail. S. E. White.
An Island Cabin. Arthur Henry.
Red Saunders. Henry W. Phillips.
The Making of a Statesman. J. C. Harris.
Forest Neighbors. William Davenport Hulbert.

Ogilvie Publishing Company:
Francesca Da Rimini. George Morehead.

Outlook Company:
Parables of Life. Hamilton Wright Mabie.
The Man Without a Country. Edward Everett Hale.

Putnam's Sons:
Monsieur Martin. Wymond Carey.
One World at a Time. Thomas R. Slicer.
The Memoirs of François René. Vicomte De Châteaubriand. (Volumes I. and II.)
The Story of the Vine. Edward R. Emerson.
The Banquet Book. Cuyler Reynolds.

Russell:
Little Italy. Horace B. Fry.
The Speckled Brook Trout. Edited by Louis Rhead.

Scribner's Sons:
Bramble Brae. Robert Bridges.
Aliens. Mary Tappan Wright.
Letters from Egypt and Palestine. Maltbie D. Babcock.
According to Season. Frances T. Parsons.
Reconstruction and the Constitution. J. W. Burgess.
The Works of Lord Byron. (Volume V.)
Soldiers of Fortune. Richard Harding Davis.
The Sacred Beetle. John Ward.
History of Geology and Paleontology. K. A. Von Zittel.
The Children's London. Charlotte Thorpe
Old Dairies. 1881-1901. Lord R. S. Gower.
Monica, and Other Stories. Paul Bourget.
The Master of Caxton. Hildegard Brooks.
The Life and Adventures of Don Quixote De La Mancha. Translated from the Spanish by Motteux.
The Game of Love. Benjamin Swift.
Practical Talks by an Astronomer. Harold Jacoby.

Stokes Company:
The Minority. Frederick Trevor Hill.

Stone Company:
The Crimson Wing. H. C. Chatfield-Taylor.

Stone and Company:
The Rewards of Taste. Norman Bridge.

Taylor and Company:
Twenty-Six and One, and Other Stories from the Vagabond Series. Maxime Gorky.
The Honor of the Braxtons. J. William Fosdick.

Tennant and Ward:
The Lady Poverty. Translated and edited by Montgomery Carmichael.

Whittaker:
Psychic Research and Gospel Miracles. Rev. E. M. Duff and T. G. Allen.

Wessels Company:
The Umbrian Towns. J. W. and A. M. Cruikshank.
The Nameless Hero. James Blythe Anderson.

Young and Company:
A Cassock of the Pines. Joseph G. Daley.

BOSTON.

Copeland and Day.
Harvard Episodes. C. M. Flandrau.

Dickerman and Son:
Nonsense for Old and Young. Eugene Field.
Patriot and Tory. Cha 'es J. Noyes.

Ginn and Company:
The Wide World.
Northern Europe.
Notre-Dame de Paris. Victor Hugo. Edited by J. R. Wightman.
Analytical Psychology. Witmer.

Lee and Shepard:
The Correspondent's Manual. W. E. Hickox.
Rock-haven. Charles C. Munn.

Lothrop Publishing Company:
Dorothy South. G. C. Eggleston.

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Page and Company:

The Best of Balzac. Edited by Alexander Jessup.

Sanborn and Company:

Town Life in Ancient Italy. William E. Waters.

CHICAGO.

Laird and Lee:

The Sabertooth. Stephen Kinder.

McClurg and Company:

Right Reading. Words of Good Counsel on the Choice and Use of Books Selected from the Writings of Ten Famous Authors.
Alabama Sketches. Samuel Minturn Peck.
Ocean to Ocean. J. W. G. Walker.
Down Historic Waterways. Reuben G. Thwaites.
The Point of Honour. H. A. Hinkson.
The Thrall of Lief the Lucky. O. A. Liliencranz.
Nestlings of Forest and Marsh. Irene G. Wheelock.
Editorial Echoes. Wm. M. Payne.
Little Leaders. Wm. Morton Payne.
The Prince Incognito. Elizabeth W. Latimer.

Stone and Company:

The Carissima. Lucas Malet.
The Romance of a Rogue. Joseph Sharts.

Waite and Company:

History of the Christian Religion. To the Year Two Hundred. Charles V. Waite.

INDIANAPOLIS.

Bowen-Merrill Company:

Forces in Fiction. Richard Burton.
The Thirteenth District. Brand Whitlock.

PHILADELPHIA.

Bushrod Library:

The Political Freshman. B. W. James.

Jewish Publication Society of America.

Esther J. Ruskay.

Lippincott Company:

History of Education. E. L. Kemp.
The Book of the Prophet Isaiah. Edited by A. B. Davidson.
The Books of Esther, Nehemiah and Esther. Edited by W. Harper.
The Second Book of Moses, Called Exodus. Edited by A. R. S. Kennedy.
The First Book of Moses, Called Genesis. Edited by A. H. Sayce.
The Johannic Books. Edited by Rev. C. Benham.
Hebrews, Peter, James, and Jude. Edited by J. Herkless.
St. Matthew. Edited by the Dean of Ely.
Leviticus. Edited by J. A. Paterson.

Rowland:

Dickey Downy Virginia S. Patterson.
Printing and Writing Materials: Their Evolution. Adele M. Smith.

Published by the Author:

Proof-Reading and Punctuation. A. M. Smith.

Government Printing Office:

Report of the Commissioner of Education for the Year 1899-1900. (Volume II.)

LONDON, ENGLAND.

Bell and Sons:

The Ivory Workers of the Middle Ages. A. M. Cust.
Fra Angelico. George C. Williamson.

NEW SHARON, MAINE.

History of Medicine. A. Wilder.
The Proceedings of the Webster Centennial of Dartmouth College. Edited by E. M. Hopkins. Printed under the supervision of H. E. Keyes.

CLEVELAND.

Caxton Book Company:

Blood Will Tell. B. R. Davenport.

ST. LOUIS.

Boland Book and Stationery Company:

Plays. Charles Gildehaus.

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

Standard Publishing Company:

The Authorship of Deuteronomy. J. W. McGarvey.

RICHMOND, IND.

Cullaton and Company:

Aaron Burr. Isaac Jenkinson.

LONDON, ENGLAND.

Dent and Company:

The Consolation of Philosophy. Translated by W. W. Cooper.
Henry Esmond. W. M. Thackeray. (Volumes I. and II.)

De La More Press:

The Woman Who Went to Hell. Dora Sigerson.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Neale Publishing Company:

Other Notes. Mary B. Hinton.

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SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books in order of demand, as sold between March 1 and April 1, 1902.

We guarantee the authenticity of the following lists, as supplied to us, each by leading booksellers in the towns mentioned.

NEW YORK, UPTOWN.

1. The Lovers' Progress. (Brentano.) $1.50.
2. Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Methods of Lady Walderhurst. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.25.
4. Sir Richard Calmady. Malet. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Leopard's Spots. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
6. Kate Bonnet. Stockton. (Appleton & Co.) $1.50.

NEW YORK, DOWNTOWN.

1. Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Valley of Decision. Wharton. (Scribner.) $2.00.
3. The House with the Green Shutters. Douglas. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Methods of Lady Walderhurst. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.50.
5. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Sir Richard Calmady. Malet. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

ALBANY, N. Y.

1. Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
2. Recompense. Klingle. (Stokes.) 50 cents.
3. The Methods of Lady Walderhurst. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.25.
4. Letters from Egypt and Palestine. Babcock. (Scribner.) $1.00 net.
5. Kate Bonnet. Stockton. (Appleton.) $1.50.
6. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.

ATLANTA, GA.

1. Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
2. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. Napoleon. Watson. (Macmillan.) Net, $2.25.
4. In the Fog. Davis. (Russell.) $1.50.
5. The Fifth String. Sousa. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.25.
5. Sir Richard Calmady. Malet. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

BALTIMORE, MD.

1. Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Fifth String. Sousa. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. Sir Richard Calmady. Malet. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Crimson Wing. Taylor. (Stone.) $1.50.
5. Naughty Nan. Long. (Century Co.) $1.50.
6. In the Fog. Davis. (Russell.) $1.50.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
2. Letters of James Murray, Loyalist (W. B. Clark & Co.) $2.50.
3. Antique View of Boston. Stark. (W. B. Clark & Co.) $5.00.
4. In the Fog. Davis. (Russell.) $1.50.
5. The House with the Green Shutters. (Douglas.) McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
6. Sir Richard Calmady. Malet. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Colonials. French. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
3. Kate Bonnet. Stockton. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. The Leopard's Spots. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
5. If I Were King. McCarthy. (Russell.) $1.50.
6. The Valley of Decision. Wharton. (Scribner.) $2.00.

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. The Thrall of Leif the Lucky. Liliencranz. (McClurg.) $1.50.
2. Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Man from Glengarry. Connor. (Revell Co.) $1.50
5. Kate Bonnet. Stockton. (Appleton.) $1.50.
6. The House with the Green Shutters. (Douglas.) McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.

CINCINNATI, O.

1. Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
2. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. In the Fog. Davis. (Russell.) $1.50.
5. The House with the Green Shutters. (Douglas.) McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Fifth String. Sousa. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.25.

CLEVELAND, O.

1. Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Man from Glengarry. Connor. (Revell Co.) $1.50.
3. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. The Cavalier. Cable. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. If I Were King. McCarthy. (Russell.) $1.50.
6. In the Fog. Davis. (Russell.) $1.50.

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DALLAS, TEXAS.

1. Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Cavalier. Cable. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Graustark. McCutcheon. (Stone.) $1.50.
4. The Lily of France. Mason. (American Baptist Pub. Society.) $1.10 net.
5. The Man from Glengarry. Connor. (Revell Co.) $1.50.
6. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.

DENVER, COL.

1. Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The House with the Green Shutters. (Douglas.) McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Valley of Decision. Wharton. (Scribner.) $2.00.
5. In the Fog. Davis. (Russell.) $1.50.
6. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.

DETROIT, MICH.

1. Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
2. If I Were King. McCarthy. (Russell.) $1.50.
3. In the Fog. Davis. (Russell.) $1.50.
4. The Methods of Lady Walderhurst. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.25.
5. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. Strollers. Isham. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

1. Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
2. Lazarre. Catherwood. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. The Fifth String. Sousa. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.25.
4. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.25.
5. The Fighting Bishop. Hopkins. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

1. Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Fifth String. Sousa. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.25.
3. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Man from Glengarry. Connor. (Revell Co.) $1.50.
5. Count Hannibal. Weyman. (Longmans, Green & Co.) $1.50.
6. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

1. Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam. (Parker.) 75 cents.
3. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. The House with the Green Shutters. (Douglas.) McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Valley of Decision. Wharton. (Scribner.) $2.00.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

1. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
2. Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
3. Kate Bonnet. Stockton. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. The Man from Glengarry. Connor. (Revell Co.) $1.50.
5. The Fifth String. Sousa. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.25.
6. In the Fog. Davis. (Russell.) $1.50.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

1. Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
2. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. My Lady Peggy Goes to Town. Mathews. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.25.
5. The Firebrand. Crockett. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Cavalier. Cable. (Scribner.) $1.50.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

1. Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
2. Via Christi. Hodgkin. (Macmillan.) 30 cents net.
3. Kate Bonnet. Stockton. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.25.
5. The Fifth String. Sousa. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.25.
6. The Valley of Decision. Wharton. (Scribner.) $2.00.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

1. Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Siege of Lady Resolute. Dickson. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Cavalier. Cable. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Sir Richard Calmady. Malet. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Methods of Lady Walderhurst. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.50.
6. The Young Man in Modern Life. Warner. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) 85 cents.

NORFOLK, VA.

1. The Leopard's Spots. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.

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2. Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Lazarre. Catherwood. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. The Fifth String. Sousa. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.25.
6. The House with the Green Shutters. (Douglas.) McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.

OMAHA, NEB.

1. Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Man from Glengarry. Connor. (Revell Co.) $1.50.
4. The Leopard's Spots. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Fifth String. Sousa. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.25.
6. God Wills It. Davis. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

PITTSBURG, PENN.

1. Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Colonial French. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
3. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. The House with the Green Shutters. (Douglas.) McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
5. Tom Beauling. Morris. (Century Co.) $1.25.
6. Truth Dexter. McCall. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.

PORTLAND, ME.

1. Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Colonials. French. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Fifth String. Sousa. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.25.
5. In the Fog. Davis. (Russell.) $1.50.
6. The Man from Glengarry. Connor. (Revell Co.) $1.50.

PORTLAND, ORE.

1. Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
2. Birds of Oregon and Washington. Lord. (J. K. Gill Co.) 75 cents.
3. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
6. Marcus Whitman. Gowdy. (Silver-Burdette Co.) $1.50.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

1. Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
2. Kate Bonnet. Stockton. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. Sir Richard Calmady. Malet. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. Aliens. Wright. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. Dark o' the Moon. Crockett. (Harper.) $1.50.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

1. Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Kate Bonnet. Stockton. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. D'ri and I. (Bacheller.) (Lothrop Pub. Co.) $1.50.
6. The Man from Glengarry. Connor. (Revell Co.) $1.50.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

1. The House with the Green Shutters. (Douglas.) McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
2. Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
3. Sir Richard Calmady. Malet. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Leopard's Spots. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
6. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

1. Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Man from Glengarry. Connor. (Revell Co.) $1.50.
3. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Lazarre. Catherwood. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. The Eternal City. Caine. (Appleton.) $1.50.
6. The Cavalier. Cable. (Scribner.) $1.50.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

1. Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Lazarre. Catherwood. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. Count Hannibal. Weyman. (Longmans, Green & Co.) $1.50.
6. Lives of the Hunted. Seton-Thompson. (Scribner.) $1.50.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

1. Footprints of the Padres. Stoddard. (Robertson.) $1.50.
2. Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
3. Sir Richard Calmady. Malet. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

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4. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. The House with the Green Shutters. (Douglas.) McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
6. In the Fog. Davis. (Russell.) $1.50.

TORONTO, CAN.

1. Audrey. Johnston. (Morang & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Right of Way. Parker. (Copp-Clark Co.) 75 cents and $1.50.
3. The House with the Green Shutters. Douglas. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
4. Count Hannibal. Weyman. (Longmans, Green & Co.) 75 cents and $1.25.
5. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) 75 cents.
6. The Man from Glengarry. Connor. (Westminster Co.) $1.25.

TUCSON, ARIZ.

1. Sir Richard Calmady. Malet. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. Lazarre. Catherwood. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. The Desert. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Cavalier. Cable. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. The Fifth String. Sousa. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.25.
6. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop Pub. Co.) $1.50.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

1. Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
2. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. Century Co.) $1.00.
3. The Methods of Lady Walderhurst. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.25.
4. In the Fog. Davis. (Russell.) $1.50.
5. The Valley of Decision. Wharton. (Scribner.) $2.00.
6. Sir Richard Calmady. Malet. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

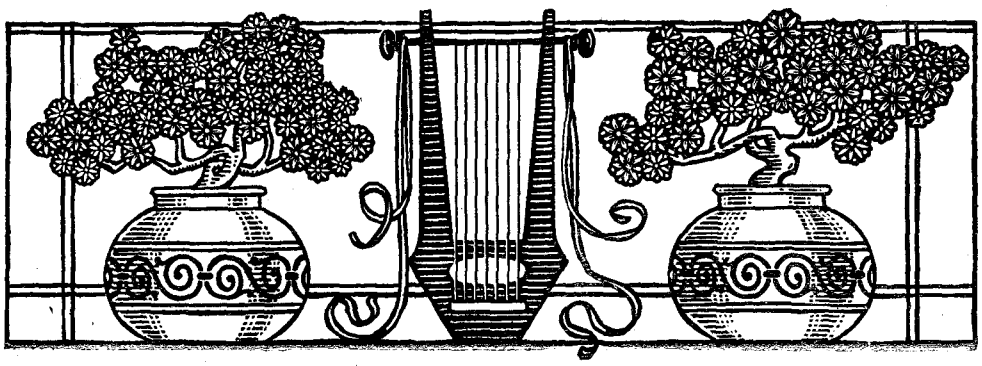
1. Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
2. If I Were King. McCarthy. (Russell.) $1.50.
3. The House with the Green Shutters. (Douglas.) McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Methods of Lady Walderhurst. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.25.
5. The Strength of the Hills. Wilkinson. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. The Valley of Decision. Wharton. (Scribner.) $2.00.

From the above lists the six best selling books are selected according to the following system:

					POINTS.
A book standing	1st	on any	list	receives	10
"	"	2d "	"	"	8
"	"	3d "	"	"	7
"	"	4th "	"	"	6
"	"	5th "	"	"	5
"	"	6th "	"	"	4

According to the foregoing lists, the six books which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

		POINTS
1.	Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50	328
2.	Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00	112
3.	The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50	108
4.	The House with the Green Shutters. Douglas. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50	66
	Sir Richard Calmady. Malet. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50	66
5.	The Man from Glengarry. Connor. (Revell Co.) $1.50	58
	The Fifth String. Sousa. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.25	58



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